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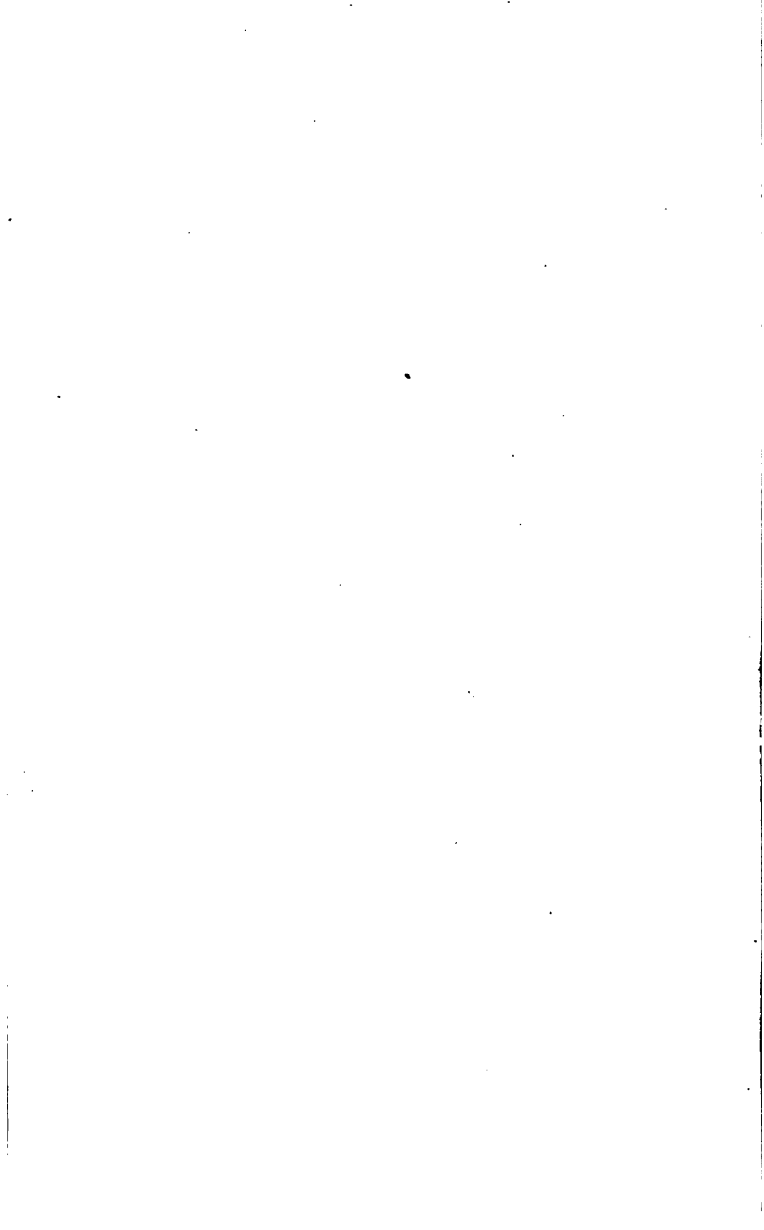


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7



THE
ESSEX HALL HYMNAL

REVISED

London

PHILIP GREEN 5, ESSEX STREET, STRAND

1902

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PREFACE.

THE Hymnal, which here appears in a revised form, was originally intended to meet the needs of a somewhat special type of congregation. But in the twelve years which have passed since its first issue it has met with a welcome so far beyond expectation that the stereotypes are unfit for further use. It therefore became necessary either simply to renew them, or to take advantage of the opportunity of making such changes as time and experience had shown to be desirable. The wish to render the book more worthy of the favour already gained and, if possible, to commend it to a still larger circle, prevailed: hence this revised edition, the use of which along with the original edition will, it is hoped, be facilitated by means of the duplicate Index of Hymns common to both editions (see p. 501). Congregations, however, which prefer to use the older collection alone, will still, for a time, be able to have their wants supplied. But it is believed that the manifest improvements both in the form and contents of the Hymnal, combined with its very moderate price, will commend it before long not only to all congregations using the former edition, but also to others who have desired a richer and more inclusive collection of hymns than that work contained.

In the endeavour to produce a collection answering to this desire, the editors have had cordial help from

PREFACE

many correspondents to whose knowledge and critical suggestions the present book owes more than can be told. This fraternal co-operation inspires a trust that the new Hymnal may have escaped some of the perils which beset more private compilations. It represents the average feeling of a number of persons, who have made a special study of Hymns, rather than the particular preferences of any individual, though the editors, of course, are solely responsible.

With regard to music, there exist among our congregations many differences of taste and tradition. As a help, however, in cases where difficulty might be experienced, and as tending in some degree to encourage a common usage in our worship, suggestions of suitable *Tunes* are offered in the *Index of First Lines*.

In addition to the acknowledgments made in the preface to the former edition, the thanks of the editors are heartily tendered to the following authors of hymns newly introduced :—Rev. D. Agate, B.A., Mrs. E. S. Armitage, Miss E. Bibby, Revs. A. N. Blatchford, B.A., S. A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D., A. Chalmers, T. G. Crippen, Miss E. Gittins, Mrs. Gerald Gurney, Revs. H. W. Hawkes, Brooke Herford, D.D., J. Page Hopps, Hon. Rollo Russell, Revs. W. C. Smith, LL.D., W. G. Tarrant, B.A., G. Thring, Miss A. L. Waring ; and to the following American writers :—Dr. Felix Adler, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Revs. J. W. Chadwick, R. Collyer, W. C. Gannett, F. L. Hosmer, F. T. Mott, M. J. Savage, D.D., Miss E. Scudder, Rev. T. C. Williams.

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PREFACE

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Thanks are also due to the Rev. W. Garrett Horder for special help, most freely rendered, in connection with the list of authors, and in other ways.

As in the former edition, an altered text is indicated by an asterisk affixed to the author's name.

London, May, 1902.

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HYMNS.

1

L.M.

O LIFE that makest all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The seekers of the Light are one :—

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God ;—

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The Life that maketh all things new.

S. Longfellow.

WORSHIP

2

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

TO God, most high, draw near !
Let all bow down before him,
And in a joyful psalm
With heart and voice adore him !
The great and gracious Lord
Who all to us hath given,
And whose high praise is sung
By angel-choirs in heaven.

With upward look we leave
Our mortal cares behind us ;
Why should earth's vain desires
To nobler things so blind us ?
Come, faith and hope and love,
Your glories now unfold ;
Lead us as ye have led
The holy men of old.

Like tender flowers of spring
Their faces upward turning,
And drinking sunbeams in
As by a secret yearning,
We'll lift our hearts on high
For that more blessed light,
Which cheers our hours of grief
And guides our steps aright.

WORSHIP

Lift up your hearts to God
For lowly service ready,
Pursue the upward way
With footsteps strong and steady;
And when at last the grave
Receives the pilgrims' dust,
Then cometh joyful rest
With spirits of the just.

T. Sadler.

3

8.7.

GOD is in his holy temple;
Earthly thoughts be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble
And before his presence bow.

He is with us now and ever
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple—
In the pure and holy mind,
In the reverent heart and simple,
In the soul from sin refined.

Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee.

Hymns of the Spirit.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,
 Here our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
 Mercy from above proclaiming,
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation ?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws,—
 Lord, with favour still attend us ;
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
 Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us ;
 All our hope is from above.

John Taylor.

COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come !
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.

Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise ;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call :

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

Emily Taylor.

THE Lord is rich and merciful,
 The Lord is very kind ;
 O come to him, come now to him,
 With a believing mind.
 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
 Like flowing waters cool ;
 And he shall for thy spirit be
 A fountain ever full.

The Lord is glorious and strong,
 Our God is very high ;
 O trust in him, trust now in him,
 And have security.
 He shall be to thee like the sea,
 And thou shalt surely feel
 His wind, that bloweth healthily
 Thy sicknesses to heal.

The Lord is wonderful and wise,
 As all the ages tell ;
 O learn of him, learn now of him,
 Then with thee it is well.
 And with his light thou shalt be blest,
 Therein to work and live :
 And he shall be to thee a rest
 When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.

COMRADES for a little space
Where the opening life-paths be,
Here, before the Father's face,
Make us one, dear Lord, in thee.

From the holy land unseen,
Now the heavenly voices call ;
Speaking, where no sound hath been,
Sweetest promise-word to all.

In the silence of the soul,
Where can come no outward word,
Where good thoughts can make us whole,
There the wondrous voice is heard.

If we lose the light of day,
God can give the spirit light ;
In the dreariest, darkest way,
Love can guide the soul aright.

In the dark, dear Lord, are we ;
Be our guide, our friend, our stay ;
Hold us with the thought of thee,
Keep us to the perfect day.

Comrades for a little space,
Parting days are coming fast ;
But once more, from every place,
God will call us home at last.

J. Page Hopps.

8

S.M.

LORD, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend ;
 And bless thy love and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend !

But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod ;
 Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God.

Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky ;
 Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of grand eternity.

Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight !
 And grant us in those courts to pray
 Of pure, unclouded light.

S. G. Bulfinch.

9

L.M.

UNTO thy temple, Lord, we come
 With thankful hearts to worship thee ;
 And pray that this may be our home
 Until we touch eternity :—

The common home of rich and poor,
 Of bond and free, and great and small ;
 Large as thy love for evermore,
 And warm and bright and good to all.

WORSHIP

And dwell thou with us in this place,
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless ;
Here make the well-springs of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here ;
Thy Gospel light for ever shine ;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

Robert Collyer.

10

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine !
O let thy mercy crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

C.M.

Did we not raise our hearts to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself would give,
If thou thy love restrain.

With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge.

LORD of power, Lord of might,
 God and Father of us all ;
 Lord of day, and Lord of night,
 Listen to our solemn call ;
 Listen, whilst to thee we raise
 Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

Light, and love, and life are thine,
 Great Creator of all good !
 Fill our souls with light divine ;
 Give us with our daily food
 Blessings from thy heavenly store,
 Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts
 Love undying for thy name ;
 Bid us ere the day departs
 Spread afar our Maker's fame ;
 Young and old together bless,
 Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of years, and full of peace,
 May our life on earth be blest ;
 When our trials here shall cease,
 And at last we sink to rest,
 Fountain of eternal love,
 Call us to our home above !

G. Thring.

WORSHIP

12

7s.

SOVEREIGN and transforming grace,
We invoke thy quickening power ;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

This thy house, the house of prayer ;
This the day we hallow thine.

O let now thy grace appear,
Hallowing ev'ry place and time.

Holy and creative Light,
We invoke thy kindling ray ;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above ;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

Work in all ; in all renew
Day by day the life divine ;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

F. H. Hedge.

13

L.M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

WORSHIP

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe.

14

L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

WORSHIP

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, alt. John Wesley.

X
15

11. 12. 12. 10.

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Gratefully adoring, our song shall rise to thee :
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and mighty !
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not
see,
Only thou art holy : there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and
sky, and sea :
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and mighty !
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

*Reginald Heber.**

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
 'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high !'

Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite.
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :—

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 'Holy, holy, holy,'—blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most high !
Richard Mant.

WORSHIP

17

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

LORD of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men who pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

Isaac Watts.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love ;
 Pleasant are thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe :
 Oh, my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of thy saints,
 For the brightness of thy face,
 For thy fulness, God of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round thy altars, O Most High !
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast !
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
 In this vale of sin and woe ;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies ;
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach thy throne at length,
 At thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

WORSHIP

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place ;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from thee,—
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

H. F. Lyte.

19 X

C.M.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee !

Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

WORSHIP

For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright ;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

John Milton, alt. James Martineau.

20

C.M.

WHO shall behold the King of kings
In his fair dwelling-place ?

Who shall ascend on seraph-wings,
And see him face to face ?

He, the foundations of whose hope
In humble thoughts are laid ;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
For pardon and for aid ;

Who hastens with the dawning day
The throne of grace to seek,
And, taught himself, would teach the way
Of peace to all the weak ;

Whose fervent spirit eager springs
To do thy will, O Lord ;
Who sees thee in all beauteous things,
Who hears thee in thy word.

Though frailty mark and error dim
That mortal's steps while here,
An eye of mercy looks on him,
And warns him not to fear.

Emily Taylor.

WORSHIP

21 X

L.M.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star :
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

22 X

8.8.7.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee ;

WORSHIP

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from thee ;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.

W. J. Fox.

23

L.M.

O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here ;
All shall be thine at least to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy sacred shrine ;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine. .

WORSHIP

O Father, God below, above !
Man's noblest work is praising thee ;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

Emily Taylor.

24

C.M.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon our heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our souls resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle.

25

L.M.

O LORD, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

W. Cowper.

26

8s.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray :
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought our rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed ;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Reginald Heber.

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek thy face,
Bend from heaven, thy dwelling-place :
Hear, forgive and save.

When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at thy mercy-seat :
Look from heaven and save.

When thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill :
Lord, accept and save.

Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold :
Lord, forgive and save.

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess :
Father, hear and save.

And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free :
Hear, forgive and save.

Eliza F. Morris.

28

C.M.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we feel thou art ;
Send down a beam of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.

Great Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high
To make our virtues grow.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

J. Newton.

29

L.M.

O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue !

WORSHIP

Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise and praise be sung !

J. Pierpont.

30

L.M.

THE Lord is King ! Lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord omnipotent is King !

The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just ;
Holy and true are all his ways ;
Let every creature speak his praise.

WORSHIP

Come, make your wants, your burdens known ;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown ;
And angel-bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

*J. Conder.**

31

C M.

O GOD unseen, but ever near,
Our blessed rest art thou ;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.

All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way,
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love,
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above !

Awhile beside the fount we stay,
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

S. Longfellow.

COME, immortal Lord of Gladness !
 From the immeasurable height
 Scatter all our sin and sadness,
 Move upon our hearts in light !
 All-pervading God, whose love
 Joins us here with those above,
 Make us now thy new creation,
 Sanctify this congregation.

Come and bring with thee thy treasure,—
 Love and meekness, joy and peace,
 Gentleness that knows no measure,
 Truths that cumbered hearts release,
 Purity, and faith in right,
 Thirst for holiness, and light ;
 Hear our contrite supplication,
 Arm for life this congregation.

Come, abide in us for ever ;
 Build thy city in our heart
 On thy righteousness, and never
 From its citadel depart.
 Fill us with thy holy awe,
 Make us prophets of thy law,
 Worthy of our high vocation
 In the world's great congregation.

Stopford A. Brooke.

COME, Holy One, in love ;
 Shed on us from above
 Thine own bright ray :
 Divinely good thou art ;
 Thy sacred gifts impart
 To gladden each sad heart ;
 O come to-day !

Come, truest Friend and best,
 Our most delightful guest,
 With soothing power ;
 Rest which the weary know,
 Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
 Peace where deep griefs o'erflow,
 Cheer us this hour !

Come, light serene and still,
 Our inmost bosoms fill ;
 Dwell in each breast :
 We know no dawn but thine ;
 Send forth thy beams divine
 On our dark souls to shine,
 And make us blest.

Exalt our low desires,
 Extinguish passion's fires,
 Heal every wound ;

ASPIRATION

Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

*From the Latin, Robert II. of France ?
tr. Ray Palmer.*

34

L.M.

GREAT Lord of all, our Father, God !
With song and prayer we worship thee ;
Thy beauty breathes its joy abroad,
Thy love's warm tide flows full and free.

In morn's and evening's twilight glow
Thy tender greeting, Lord, we feel ;
And midnight heavens, with silent show,
Thy watchful, patient love reveal.

But not in realms that sense can sound,
Springs the pure fount which life imparts ;
Its blessed source alone is found
In reverent, loving, trustful hearts.

Oh, may that living fountain dwell
In us, replenished from above ;
And through our thirsting spirits swell
The rising tides of life and love !

C. T. Brooks.

SOURCE of good, whose power controls
 Every movement of our souls,
 Wind that quickens where it blows,
 Comforter of human woes,
 Flame of pure and holy love,
 Strength of all that live and move,
 Come! Thy gifts and fire impart;
 Make me love thee from the heart!

As the hart, with longing, looks
 For refreshing water brooks,
 Heated in the burning chase,
 So my soul desires thy grace;
 So my heavy-laden breast,
 By the cares of life oppressed,
 Longs thy cooling streams to taste
 In this dry and barren waste.

Mighty Spirit, by whose aid
 Man a living soul was made,
 Everlasting God, whose fire
 Kindles high and pure desire:
 Grant, in every grief and loss
 I may calmly bear the cross,
 And when strife has ceased to be,
 Find eternal peace in thee.

J. Franck, tr. R. Massie.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways ;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust, like those who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

J. G. Whittier.

37

X

8.7.

LONG ago the lilies faded
Which to Jesus seemed so fair,
But the love that bade them blossom
Still is working everywhere.

On the moors and in the valleys,
By the streams we love so well,
There is greater glory blooming
Than the tongue of man can tell.

Long ago in sacred silence
Died the accents of his prayer ;
Still the souls that seek the Father
Find his presence everywhere.

In the multitude adoring,
In the chamber sad and lone,
He is there to help and comfort,
As they pray, ' Thy will be done ! '

Let us seek him, still believing
He that worketh round us yet,
Clothing lilies in the meadows,
Will his children ne'er forget.

W. G. Tarrant.

38

C.M.

NOW let us see thy beauty, Lord,
As we have seen before ;
And by thy beauty quicken us
To love thee and adore.

ASPIRATION

'Tis easy when with simple mind
Thy loveliness we see,
To consecrate ourselves afresh
To duty and to thee.

Our every feverish mood is cooled,
And gone is every load,
When we can lose the love of self,
And find the love of God.

Lord, it is coming to ourselves
When thus we come to thee ;
The bondage of thy loveliness
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come to ask again
What thou hast often given,
The vision of that loveliness
Which is the life of heaven.

Benjamin Waugh.

39

S.M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart ;
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

John Keble.

D

40

C.M.

L ORD, we believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 For thou art served alone :—

A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above ;
 Where fear and sin and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

Oh, that we now that rest might know,
 Believe and enter in !

Thou Holiest, now the power bestow,
 And let us cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from our heart,
 This unbelief remove :

The rest of perfect faith impart,
 The sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

41

7S.

T HIRSTING for a living spring,
 Seeking for a higher home,
 Resting where our souls must cling,
 Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill
 When we feel that thou art near ;
 Father, then our fears are still,
 Then the soul's bright end is clear.

ASPIRATION

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown,
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By thy Spirit's holy light ;
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might.

F. P. Appleton.

42

C.M.

SPEAK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

With thee conversing, we forget
All times and toil and care ;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

Here, then, O Lord, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My gladdened heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek thy face,—
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

Charles Wesley.

43

7s.

IN the midst do thou appear—
 Lord, reveal thy presence here ;
 Sanctify us now, and bless ;
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace.
 While we walk with God in light
 God our hearts doth still unite,—
 Sweetly each with each combined,
 In the bonds of duty joined.
 Father, still our faith increase,
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
 Thee the unholy cannot see ;
 Make, O make us meet for thee !
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee ;
 Only love to us be given ;
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley.

44

L.M.

O GOD, whose presence glows in all
 Within, around us, and above,—
 Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
 Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
 That truth be with the heart believed
 Of all who seek this sacred place,
 With power proclaimed, in peace received—
 Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.

ASPIRATION

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would need no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

45

L.M.

O LOVE divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding death and sin.

Shine, Light of God ! Make broad thy scope
To all who sin and suffer ; more
And better than we dare to hope,
Make with thy love our longings poor.

*J. G. Whittier.**

46 x

TOS.

FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found ;
In losing thee are all things lost beside ;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we the world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near :

No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

Jones Very.

47 y

C.M.

UNHEARD the dews around me fall
And heavenly influence shed ;
And silent on this earthly ball
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

ASPIRATION

In quietude thy spirit grows
In man, from hour to hour ;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice :
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

Hymns for Public Worship.

48

C.M.

FATHER in heaven, to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown ;
Each passion of my heart subdued,
Each darling sin disown.

And do thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

W. H. Furness.

NOT yet I love my God
 With undivided heart ;
 Not yet I tread the heavenly road
 With feet that ne'er depart.

Not yet is all thy will
 Sweet to this heart of mine ;
 Not yet I hasten to fulfil
 Each dear command of thine.

Not yet thy wondrous ways
 I know as I desire ;
 Not yet upon those glories gaze
 To which mine eyes aspire.

Not yet thy tasks divine
 Alone my hands employ ;
 Not yet that presence sweet of thine
 Maketh mine only joy.

But shall I not one day,
 My God, be all thine own,—
 Rejoicing, all thy will obey,
 And do thy works alone ?

Will not my joy and love
 Be endless and complete,
 And all my blessedness above
 Flow from thy presence sweet ?

T. H. Gill.

50

8.8.8.4.

FROM fretful care and worldly strife,
 From every low, unworthy quest,
 Amid the needful toil of life,
 Lord, give us rest.

When coward love and envious fear
 Have left us burdened and distressed,
 O then, in pity, Lord, draw near
 To give us rest.

When sore beset by hungry need,
 And in the battle sorely pressed,
 From base ambition, aimless greed,
 Lord, give us rest.

When, faint and tired, we cannot see
 The glorious visions of the blest,
 Hold thou us fast, keep us near thee
 To give us rest.

When life seems cruel, death unkind,
 And chill despair our only guest,
 Yet lead us, poor and weak and blind,
 Into thy rest.

Annie Matheson.

51

S.M.

THE pure and peaceful mind,
 The meek and lowly heart,
 The patient will to thine resigned,
 God of all power, impart.

ASPIRATION

Lord, make us timely wise
To know thy call of grace ;
And with the moment as it flies,
Run our appointed race :—

Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside ;
Perils, allurements, bonds break through,
Most faithful when most tried.

Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else to count but loss ;
Nor, till we gain the prize,—our soul,—
Grow weary of the cross.

J. Montgomery.

52

6s. and 4.10.

WE ask for Peace, O Lord !
Thy children ask thy Peace ;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day ;—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

ASPIRATION

We ask for Peace, O Lord !
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure ;
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know ;
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe ;—
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask thy Peace, O Lord !
Through storm and fear and strife
To light and guide us on
Through a long struggling life :
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
Our wasted might ;—
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is thine own, O Lord !
Who toil while others sleep,
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap,—
They lean on thee entranced,
In calm and perfect rest :
Give us that Peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love thee best.

Adelaide A. Procter.

53

S.M.

O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay !

O Everlasting Health
From which all healing springs,
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,—
To thee my spirit clings !

O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too !

O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day !

O Everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace :
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease !

H. Bonar.

54

C.M.

L ORD, when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine ;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine !

ASPIRATION

Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store ;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray ?

The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee ;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

The heaven, where I would stand complete,
My lowly love shall see ;
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My Holy One, for thee.

T. H. Gill.

55

S.M.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

ASPIRATION

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch.

56

7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek,
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

ASPIRATION

Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be
I would consecrate to thee. *T. T. Lynch.**

57

11.10.

INFINITE Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which binds us to our unseen Friend on high !
Unseen, yet not unfelt ; if any thought
Has raised our minds from earth, a pure desire,
A generous act, a noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

ASPIRATION

To me, the humblest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name :

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

Margaret Fuller.

58

C.M.

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
Come, Holy Spirit, come !

Come as the light ; to waiting minds,
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

Come as the fire ; enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be
In love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew ; on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy sacred power.

ASPIRATION

Come as the wind ; sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

Andrew Reed, alt : S. Longfellow.

59

8s.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
By whom our souls emerge from night,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Chase from our minds each haunting foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.

Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
Our frailty help, our hearts control,
Thou ruler of our secret soul ;
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

*From the Latin : tr. John Dryden.**

60

L. M.

SPIRIT of Truth, who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine ;
Descend, and be my Guide divine.

Spirit of Power, whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near,
And be my daily Quickener.

Spirit of Joy, who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on this mourning soul thy cheer ;
Give me to bless my Comforter.

O tender Spirit, who dost mourn
Whene'er from thee thy people turn,
Give me each day to grieve thee less,—
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness :

Till thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss !

T. H. Gill.

61

6.5.D.

PURER yet, and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet, and dearer,
Every duty find ;

ASPIRATION

Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

Calmer yet, and calmer,
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet, and surer,
Peace at last to gain ;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet, and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet, and nearer,
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

Swifter yet, and swifter,
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet, and firmer,
Step as I go on ;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

Anon.

62

X

7s.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine !
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine !
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine !
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign !
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine !
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden thou this heart of mine !
In the desert ways I sing—
'Spring, O Well, for ever spring !'

S. Longfellow.

ETERNAL Source of light divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 O let thy glories on me shine
 In earth beneath, from heaven above !

Thou art the weary wanderer's rest ;
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love and lowly fear.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh,
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;
 And grief and fear and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the midday sun.

Unfathomable depths thou art ;
 O plunge me in thy mercy's sea ;
 With faith divine o'erwhelm my heart,
 With love inspire and kindle me.

Speak to my warring passions, 'Peace !'
 Speak to my troubled heart, 'Be still !'
 Bring to my prisoned soul release,
 Subdue me to thy sovereign will.

Thee, Sovereign Lord, let all confess
 That move in earth, or air, or sky ;
 Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
 And live beneath thy loving eye.

*Charles Wesley.**

64

10.4.10.4.10.10.

IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
 Is always peace,
 O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill ;
 Let passion cease ;
 Come down in power within my heart to reign,
 For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

The days are gone, when far and wide my will
 Drove me astray ;
 And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,—
 That narrow way
 Which leads through mist and rocks to thine abode ;
 Toiling for man, and thee, Almighty God.

Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot
 I gladly bear ;
 Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
 Nor yet thy care,
 Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
 Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

So may I, far away, when evening falls
 On life and love,
 Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
 With thee above ;
 Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
 And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.

65X

7.7.7.6.

FATHER, thy dear name we own ;
 Low we bend before thy throne ;
 Seek all things in thee alone :—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

Helpless by ourselves are we ;
 Only in thy light we see ;
 Strength we only find in thee :—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

Giver of all good thou art ;
 O renew each fainting heart ;
 Give us in thy love a part :—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

Kindle in our souls a flame,
 Burning out all sin and shame ;
 Glorify in us thy name :—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

More than all, O Lord above,
 Doubt and fear from us remove ;
 Fill our hearts with thy dear love :—
 Help us, Lord most holy !

H. W. Hawkes.

66

7s.

HAPPY soul, that safe from harm
 Rests within his Shepherd's arm !
 Who his quiet shall molest ?
 Who shall violate his rest ?

ASPIRATION

Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

Let me know thy gracious voice,
More and more in thee rejoice,
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy spirit live :

Live till all thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below ;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

Charles Wesley.

67

S.M.

O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Oh, for a godly fear,—
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer ;

ASPIRATION

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss :
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross !

Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

68

O ^{C.M.}HELP us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

H. H. Milman.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.

ASPIRATION

In service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free ;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

70

FATHER, we look up to thee ;
Let us in thy love agree ;
Thou who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

7s.

Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
Ready, when reviled, to bless ;
Studious of the law of peace.

Father, all our souls inspire ;
Fill us with love's sacred fire ;
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright.

Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide,—
All the depth of love express,
All the height of holiness.

Charles Wesley.

71 X

11.10.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;
 For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.
 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and
 sorrow,
 And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
 And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
 Abides ; and when pain seems to have its will
 Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
 Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
 Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

S. Johnson.

72

L.M.

O THOU to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
 O burst these bonds, and set it free !

If in the darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
 No foes, no terrors, shall I fear,
 Since thou, my God, art always near.

ASPIRATION

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Do thou thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head and cheer my heart.

My God, whene'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

G. Tersteegen : tr. John Wesley.

73

L.M.

GIVE us, O Fount of Purity,
A conscience clear, without offence,
That thou in us, unceasingly,
May'st deign to keep thy residence.

Between us and thyself remove
Whatever hindrances may be,
That so our inmost heart may prove
A holy temple meet for thee.

Still grant us, by thy godly strength,
A mind more perfectly renewed ;
All failings rooted out at length ;
Ourselves with new-born powers endued.

ASPIRATION

Let coward fear to hope give place,
 And meekness reign, like mother mild;
 And charity, the chiefest grace,—
 Pureness of spirit undefiled,—
 Regard thee with a filial love;
 No slavish fear within us be;
 That so our cherished thoughts, above
 Aught else, may always rest on thee.
From the Latin : tr. T. G. Crippen.

74 +

7s.

LET my life be hid in thee,
 Life of life and Light of light !
 Love's illimitable sea ;
 Depth of peace, of power the height !
 Let my life be hid in thee
 From vexation and annoy ;
 Calm in thy tranquillity,
 All my mourning turned to joy.
 Let my life be hid in thee
 When alarms are gathering round,
 Covered with thy panoply,
 Safe within thy holy ground.
 Let my life be hid in thee
 When my strength and health shall fail ;
 Let thine immortality
 In my dying hour prevail.

ASPIRATION

Let my life be hid in thee,
In the world and yet above,—
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

Anon.

75

8.8.8.8.6.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee :
To thee, my God, to thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee :
On thee, my God, on thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee :
To thee, my God, to thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee :
In thee, my God, in thee.

Lucy Wilson, after Oberlin.

76

L.M.

NOT always on the mount may we
 Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
 The shores of thought and feeling know
 The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

' Lord, it is good abiding here '—
 We cry, the heavenly presence near ;
 The vision vanishes, our eyes
 Are lifted into vacant skies.

Yet hath one such exalted hour
 Upon the soul redeeming power ;
 And in its strength through after days
 We travel our appointed ways ;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
 Transfigured in remembered light,
 And in untiring souls we bear
 The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision—but below
 The paths of daily duty go ;
 And nobler life therein shall own
 The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

77

I.O.S.

' DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord !'
 Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
 Come, ride in triumph on ; behold, we lay
 Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way !

ASPIRATION

Thy road is ready, Lord,—thy paths, made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet :
And hark ! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet !
Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord ; here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin :
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?
Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor ;
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.
And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
' Hosanna ! ' and thy glorious footsteps greet !

Jeremy Taylor.

78

C.M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered blessings on my head
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those blessings flowed.

PRAISE

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a grateful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison.

79

7s.

A LLELUIA! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise :
All his servants, join to sing
God, our Saviour and our King.

Blessed be for evermore
That great Name which we adore !
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

O'er all nations God alone—
Higher than the heavens his throne—
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?

He the broken spirit cheers ;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of his ways :
Praise his name—for ever praise !

J. Conder.

SING forth his high eternal name
 Who holds all powers in thrall,
 Through endless ages still the same—
 The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
 Upholds us lest we fall ;
 His hand is still outstretched to bless—
 The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
 Our strong defence and wall ;
 His providence our life surrounds—
 The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
 Doth to his judgment call ;
 Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
 The righteous Lord of all !

When, turning from forbidden ways,
 Low at his feet we fall,
 His strong and tender arms upraise—
 The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still ;
 Unspent his blessings fall ;
 Almighty, loving, righteous One—
 The only Lord of all !

S. Longfellow.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
 My heart awaking cries—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'
 Alike at work or prayer
 To thee do I repair—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'

When sleep her balm denies,
 My silent spirit sighs,—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'
 When evil thoughts molest,
 With this I shield my breast,—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'

Doth sadness fill my mind ?
 A solace here I find,—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'
 Or fadeth earthly bliss ?
 My comfort still is this,—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'

In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'
 Let earth and sea and sky
 From depth to height reply—
 'Thy name, O God, be praised !'

PRAISE

Be this, while life is mine,

My canticle divine,

‘Thy name, O God, be praised!’

And still, when life is done,

Through all the ages on,

‘Thy name, O God, be praised!’

*From the German, tr. E. Caswall.**

82

78.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!

Be thy glorious name adored;

Lord, thy mercies never fail:

Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

While on earth ordained to stay,

Guide our footsteps in thy way;

Then on high we'll joyful raise

Songs of everlasting praise.

There no tongue shall silent be;

All shall join in harmony;

And through heaven's all-spacious round

Praise to thee shall ever sound.

Lord, thy mercies never fail;

Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Holy, holy, holy Lord,

Be thy glorious name adored!

B. Williams.

YE holy angels bright,
 Who wait at God's right hand,
 Or through the realms of light
 Fly at your Lord's command !
 Assist our song,
 Or else the theme
 Too high doth seem
 For mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
 Who ran this earthly race,
 And now from sin released,
 Behold your Father's face !
 His praises sound,
 As in his light
 With sweet delight
 Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below !
 Adore your heavenly King,
 And onward as ye go
 Some joyful anthem sing :
 Take what he gives ;
 And praise him still,
 Through good and ill,
 Who ever lives !

PRAISE

My soul, bear thou thy part ;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love !
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise !

Richard Baxter.

84

10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
‘ My God and King ! ’
The heavens are not too high ;
His praise may thither fly :
The earth is not too low ;
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
‘ My God and King ! ’

Let all the world in every corner sing,
‘ My God and King ! ’
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out ;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
‘ My God and King ! ’

George Herbert.

85

L.M.

BOTH heaven and earth do worship thee,
 Thou Father of eternity !
 With splendour from thy glory spread,
 Are heaven and earth replenishèd.

To thee all angels loudly cry,
 The heavens and all the powers on high,
 The apostles' glorious company,
 The prophets' fellowship, praise thee.

The noble and victorious host
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast ;
 The holy church, in every place,
 Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honour thee ;
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
 To keep us safe from sin this day :
 O Lord, have mercy on us all ;
 Have mercy on us when we call !

St. Ambrose : tr. Luther.

86

L.M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above,
 Praise him, my soul, for all his love !

*Thomas Ken.**

87

8.7.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise be thine from every tongue !
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion,
 Free, unbounded grace is thine ;
 Hail the God of our salvation !
 Praise him for his love divine !

For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high !

Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;
 There enraptured fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !
J. Fawcett.

88

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Oh, may his glorious praise be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue !
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Isaac Watts.**

PRAISE

89

8.7.D.

PRAISE the Lord ! Ye heavens adore him ;
 Praise him, angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light !
 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
 Never shall his promise fail !
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim !
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name !

Foundling Hospital Collection.

90

7.6.

TO thee, the Lord Almighty,
 Our noblest praise we give ;
 Who all things hast created,
 And blestest all that live :

Whose goodness, never failing,
 Through countless ages gone,
 For ever and for ever
 Shall still keep shining on.

W. Gaskell.

91

S.M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,
 In songs of praise rejoice ;
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice !

Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud and magnify ?

Oh, for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought !

There, with benign regard,
 Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
 Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
 The spirit feels him near.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore ;
 Stand up and bless his glorious name
 Henceforth for evermore !

*J. Montgomery.**

92

L.M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

PRAISE

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And raised to holier courts above,
I praise thee with a purer love.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

93

8.7.8.7.7.7.

O MY soul, with all thy powers
Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim ;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

PRAISE

He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed :
Rich in tender mercy he,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus ;
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spareth his son, he spareth us ;
For he knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
Fair and beautiful : anon,
When the wind of autumn bloweth,
Look again—the flower is gone !
Such is man ; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity enduring
To eternity—the Lord,
Still his people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps his covenanted word ;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children he will bless.

J. Montgomery.

FATHER divine, before thy view,
 All worlds, all creatures lie ;
 No distance can elude thy search,
 No act escape thine eye :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !

From thee our vital breath we drew,
 Our childhood was thy care ;
 And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
 Thy kind protection share :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !

Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
 Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
 Thy arm is our repose :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !

To thee we look, thou Power Supreme,
 O still our wants supply ;
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favour die :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !

John Taylor.

95

7s.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of thy face ;
 Shine upon us, Father, shine ;
 Fill us with thy light divine,
 And thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord !
 Let thy love on all be poured ;
 Let awakened nations sing
 Glory to their heavenly King,
 At thy feet their tribute pay,
 And thy holy will obey !

Let the people praise thee, Lord !
 Earth shall then her fruits afford,
 God to man his blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live,—
 All below and all above,
 One in joy, and light, and love.

H. F. Lyte.

96

7s.

O GIVE thanks to him who made
 Morning light and evening shade ;
 Source and giver of all good,
 Nightly sleep and daily food ;
 Quickener of our wearied powers,
 Guard of our unconscious hours.

PRAISE

O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing :
His our warm and sentient frame,
His the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the eternal Mind!

O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?
J. Conder.

97

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,—
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

75.

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,—
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

PRAISE

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,—
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,—
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,—
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love,—
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.

NOW thank we all our God,
 With hearts, and hands, and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom the world rejoices ;
 Who from our mothers' arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us ;
 And keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next !

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given ;
 We lift our hearts to him
 Who reigns in highest heaven :
 The One Eternal God
 Whom earth and heaven adore ;
 Who was of old, is now,
 And shall be evermore !

M. Rinckart : tr. Catherine Winkworth.

A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,
 And thankfully we gather,
 To bless the love of God above,
 Our everlasting Father.
 In him rejoice with heart and voice,
 Whose glory fadeth never,
 Whose providence is our defence,
 Who lives and loves for ever !

From shades of night he calls the light,
 And from the sod the flower ;
 From every cloud his blessings break,
 In sunshine or in shower.

Full in his sight his children stand,
 By his strong arm defended ;
 And he, whose wisdom guides the world,
 Our footsteps hath attended.

For nothing falls unknown to him,—
 Or care, or joy, or sorrow,—
 And he whose mercy ruled the past
 Will be our stay to-morrow.

Then praise the Lord with one accord,
 To his great name give glory,
 And of this never-changing love,
 Repeat the wondrous story !

A. N. Blatchford.

100 x

8.8.8.4.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 To thee all praise and glory be !
 How shall we show our love to thee,
 Who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare ;
 When harvests ripen, thou art there,
 Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
 Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to thee be given,
 Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
 Who givest all :

To thee, from whom we all receive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;—
 Oh, may we ever with thee live,
 Who givest all !

*Christopher Wordsworth.**

FATHER, O hear us, seeking now to praise thee!
 Thou art our hope, our confidence, our Saviour;
 Thou art the refuge of the generations,
 Lord God Almighty.

Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,
 God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,
 Changeless, eternal, holiest and wisest,
 Hear thou thy children.

We are thy children, asking thee to bless us,
 Banded together for a full obedience,
 Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
 Lord, in thy service.

Childhood shall learn to know thee and revere thee;
 Manhood shall serve thee, strong in power and
 knowledge;
 Old age shall trust thee, having felt thy mercy,
 E'en 'mid the shadows.

Bless thou our purpose, consecrate our labours,
 Keep us still faithful to the best and truest,
 Guide us, protect us, make us not unworthy
 Learners of Jesus.

Glory and honour, thanks and adoration,
 Still will we bring, O God of men and angels,
 To thee, the holy, merciful and mighty,
 Father, our Father!

D. Walmsley.

PRAISE

102

8.8 8.4.

O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank thee, Lord !

For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank thee, Lord !

For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
When all for thee we should have wrought,
Forgive us, Lord !

From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
O save us, Lord !

We trust thy wisdom, love, and power :
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
Through all our life—in death's last hour,
Be with us, Lord !

Dendy Agate.

103 X

10.10.11.11.

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing his power and his love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

PRAISE

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, our Father, and Friend !

O measureless Might, ineffable Love !
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Sir R. Grant.

104

6.5.D.

O N our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love !
Is there grief or sadness—
Thine it cannot be,
Is our sky beclouded—
Clouds are not from thee.

PRAISE

If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can—
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go ;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe :
Loving cheer around us,
Cheerful love within,
Faith's good battle fighting,
Victory we shall win.

Unto God our Father
Joyful songs we sing ;
For his many mercies
Thankful hearts we bring.
God the Eternal Goodness
Lowly we adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore !

J. S. B. Monsell.

105

7s.

EVER more as years roll round
 Do thy mercies, Lord, abound ;
 Gifts untold on us descend
 From the Love that hath no end.

Day by day thy doors of gold
 Are for our delight unrolled ;
 Night by night thy shadows deep
 Veil our eyes in kindly sleep.

Countless homes, with love made dear,
 Feel thy sacred presence near ;
 Earth with countless blossoms crowned
 Wafts her incense all around.

Ever more our hearts would give
 Thanks to thee in whom we live,
 And a grateful music bear
 Through each hour of work or prayer.

*R. Wilton.**

106

7s.

THOU who art enthroned above,
 Thou by whom we live and move,
 Thee we bless ; thy praise be sung,
 While an ear can hear a tongue.

Oh, how sweet, how excellent
 'Tis with tongue and heart's consent,—
 Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,
 To renown thy name in songs :

PRAISE IN NATURE

When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse !

Decks the spring with flowers the field,
Harvest rich doth autumn yield—
Giver of all good below,
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

Who thy wonders can express ?
All thy thoughts are fathomless ;
Lord, thou art most great, most high ;
Such from all eternity !

G. Sandys.

107

8.7.8.8.7.

ANGELS holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord !
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Sun and moon bright, night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

PRAISE IN NATURE

Ocean hoary, tell his glory ;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared ;
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Rock and highland, wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord !

Praise him ever, bounteous Giver ;
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord !

J. S. Blackie.

ALL that's good, and great, and true,
 All that is and is to be,
 Be it old, or be it new,
 Comes, O Father, comes from thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,
 Newer, brighter than before ;
 And the sun's declining ray
 Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that doth not sing
 Sweetest praises to thy name ;
 Not an insect on the wing
 But thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
 All in happy concert sing,
 And in wondrous harmony
 Join in praises to their King.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
 Mountain-top and wooded dell,
 All, in singing, sing of thee
 Songs of love ineffable.

Fill us then with love divine ;
 Grant that we, though toiling here,
 May, in spirit being thine,
 See and hear thee everywhere.

G. Thring.

HARK, my soul, how everything
 Strives to serve our bounteous King !
 Each a double tribute pays,
 Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest quire
 Him with cheerful notes admire ;
 Chanting every day their lauds,
 While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
 Streams have, too, their melody ;
 Night and day they warbling run,
 Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
 Hither their still music bring ;
 If Heaven bless them, thankful they
 Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford
 This short office to our Lord ;
 We, on whom his bounty flows,
 All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part !
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
 How to use thy nobler powers.

J. Austin.

I SING the almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
 Where'er I turn mine eye,—
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

All creatures, numerous as they be,
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
 He keeps me with his eye ;
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh !

Isaac Watts.

GLAD thanksgivings to the Lord
 Be by every heart outpour'd !
 Lord of life and light and beauty,
 Lord of truth and love and duty,
 Gracious God, we praise thee !

Heavens and earth in beauty drest,
 Might and mercy manifest—
 Starlit gloom and noontide glory,
 Glowing summer, winter hoary,—
 Lord, for these we praise thee !

Happy birds, in wood and sky,
 Filling air with melody,
 Dews soft falling, winds soft blowing,
 Rainbow-gleam and streamlet flowing,—
 Lord, for these we praise thee !

Hero-heart that chooses loss,
 Patient love that bears its cross,
 Faithful labour, children's gladness,
 Sinners' tears of contrite sadness,—
 Lord, for these we praise thee !

Not thy creatures only—we !
 Children too we claim to be ;
 Bless our praises, bless our praying,
 Keep us safe from sin and straying,
 Keep us, heavenly Father !

Edith Gittins.

112

8s. D.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping :—
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the desert and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,—
 Blessed be thy name for ever !

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest :
 God of evening's parting ray,
 Of midnight gloom, of dawning day
 That rises from the azure sea,
 Like breathings of eternity ;—
 God of life that fadeth never,
 Blessed be thy name for ever !

J. Hogg.

113

7s.

LET the whole creation cry,
 ' Glory to the Lord on high ! '
 Heaven and earth awake and sing,
 ' God is good, and therefore King.'

Praise him, all ye hosts above,
 Ever bright and fair in love !
 Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
 Night and stars, in God rejoice.

PRAISE IN NATURE

Chant his honour, ocean fair ;
Earth, soft rushing through the air ;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

All the elemental powers ;
Forests, plains, and secret bowers ;
Vales and mountains, burst in song !
Rivers, roll his praise along.

Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth ;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

Warriors fighting for the Lord ;
Prophets burning with his word ;
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the rushing of the song.

Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold ;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.

From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone !

Stopford A. Brooke.

GREATEST of Beings, Source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea,
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;
While all the stars that cheer the scene
Thee the great Lord of light proclaim.

And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

But man was formed to rise to heaven ;
And, blessed with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat thy glorious praise,
Or raise so sweet a harmony.

*G. Dyer.**

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 'The hand that made us is divine !'

Joseph Addison.

THOU art, O God, the life and light,
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee ;
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven ;—
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

T. Moore.

117 X

7s.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

He by wisdom did create
 The painted heavens so full of state ;
 He with all-commanding might,
 Filled the new-made world with light ;

Caused the golden-tressèd sun
 All day long his course to run ;
 And the moon to shine by night
 'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

All things living he doth feed,
 His full hand supplies their need ;
 He hath with a pitying eye
 Looked upon our misery.

Let us therefore warble forth
 His high majesty and worth ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure. *John Milton.*

118 X

L.M.

GOD of the earth, the sky, the sea,
 Maker of all above, below,
 Creation lives and moves in thee,
 Thy present life through all doth flow.

PRAISE IN NATURE

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air ;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow
There is thy power ; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, ' Let there be light.'

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold ;
Thine image and thyself are there—
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. Longfellow.

119 ×

L.M.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;—
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As thou dost gird thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns thy spirit's might !

PRAISE IN NATURE

So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to live and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

G. E. L. Cotton.

120

75.

EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance—
All around, and all above,
Bear the record, 'God is love.'

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred—
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden, 'God is love.'

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, 'God is love.'

T. R. Taylor.

121

7s.

LORD, thy children guide and keep,
 As with feeble steps they press
 On the pathway rough and steep
 Through this weary wilderness :
 Holy Father, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony ways to tread—
 Give the strength we sorely lack ;
 There are tangled paths to thread—
 Light us, lest we miss the track :
 Holy Father, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades
 Decked with golden-fruited trees,
 Sunny slopes and scented shades ;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease :
 Holy Father, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest :
 Holy Father, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.

W. Walsham How.

122

10.4.10.4.10.10.

LEAD, kindly light ! Amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead thou me on !

Keep thou my feet : I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou

Should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now—

Lead thou me on !

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And, with the morn, those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

123

108.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace,
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,

And doubts appal and sorrows still increase ;

Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

DIVINE GUIDANCE

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth ;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right ;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night ;
Only with thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

124 X

10.10.10.10.6.6.

HE leads us on by paths we do not know ;
Upward he leads us though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day ;
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on through all the unquiet years ;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps, through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days ;
We know his will is done ;
And still he leads us on.

DIVINE GUIDANCE

And he, at last, after the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

Anon.

125

78.

LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led ;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul ;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Father's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

Lead us thither : thou dost know
All the way ; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee ;
Guide us—save us—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there !

Sir J. Bowring.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden green and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
 And he my soul will keep;
 He knoweth who are his,
 And watches o'er his sheep.
 Away with every anxious fear;
 I cannot want while he is near.

His wisdom doth provide
 The pasture where I feed;
 Where the still waters glide
 Along the quiet mead,
 He leads my feet; and when I roam,
 O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

He leads, himself, the way
 His faithful flock should take:
 Them who his voice obey,
 His love will ne'er forsake;
 And surely truth and mercy will
 Attend me on my journey still.

Let me but feel him near,
 Death's gloomy pass in view,
 I'll walk without a fear
 The shadowy valley through.
 With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
 Will guide my steps and guard me there.

J. Conder.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
 My gracious, constant Guide ;
 I shall not want, for I am his,
 In all supplied.

In his green pastures do I feed,
 And there lie down at will ;
 He leads me in my thirsty need
 By waters still.

His tenderness restores my soul
 When sick and faint I roam ;
 Shows the right path and makes me whole,
 Bearing me home.

Yea, the dark valley when I tread,
 No evil will I fear ;
 Thy rod and staff dispel my dread—
 I feel thee near.

Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes,
 The oil of grace is mine ;
 My cup with mercy overflows
 And love divine.

Goodness and mercy all my days
 My daily song shall be,
 Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
 Eternity.

G. Rawson.

129

8.7.

O H, how kindly hast thou led me,
 Heavenly Father, day by day,—
 Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
 Furnished friends to cheer my way!

Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
 With thy smile, or with thy rod,
 'Twas that still my step might hasten
 Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

Oh, how slowly have I often
 Followed where thy hand would draw!
 How thy kindness failed to soften,
 How thy chastening failed to awe!

Make me for thy rest more ready
 As thy path is longer trod;
 Keep me in thy friendship steady,
 Till thou call me home, my God.

T. Grinfield.

130 X

L.M.

'H E leadeth me : ' O blessed thought!
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still it is God that leadeth me.

Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes, when Eden bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
 Still it is God that leadeth me.

TRUST

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine ;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since it is God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
In death's cold wave I still shall be
With God, my God, who leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore.

131

C.M.

O GOD of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led !

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease ;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our feet arrive in peace.

TRUST

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

*Philip Doddridge.**

132

8s.

THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode ;
In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest.

Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place :
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too ;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Be thou, O Lord, our present aid.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive ;
That voices, yet unformed, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

Philip Doddridge.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see ;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
 That heart will rest on thee.

Helen M. Williams.

MY God and Father, while I stray,
 Far from my home in life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 'Thy will be done!'

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not,
 But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 'Thy will be done!'

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
 Submissive still I would reply,
 'Thy will be done!'

Though thou hast called me to resign
 What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
 I have but yielded what was thine:
 'Thy will be done!'

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
 My God, to thee I leave the rest;
 'Thy will be done!'

Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 'Thy will be done!'

TRUST

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 'Thy will be done!'

Charlotte Elliott.

135

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

E'en though it be a cross

 That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be—

Nearer, my God, to thee,

 Nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer,

 The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

 My rest a stone ;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to thee,

 Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,

 Steps unto heaven ;

All that thou sendest me,

 In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to thee,

 Nearer to thee.

TRUST

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

136 ×

L.M.

THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

Thou givest with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

TRUST

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

Be this my care ; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be :
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee !
S. Collett.

137

6s.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by thine own hand ;
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might :
Choose thou for me, my God ;
So I shall walk aright.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

TRUST

Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

H. Bonar.

138

8.8.8.3.

FIERCE rage the tempests o'er life's deep ;
Thy servants, Lord, their vigils keep :
Thou work'st, while we watch or weep,
Calm and still.

'Save, Lord, we perish,' is our cry :
'O save us in our agony !'
How sweet to hear thy voice reply,
'Peace, be still !'

The wild winds hush : the angry deep
Sinks like a little child to sleep ;
The threatening waves their limits keep
At thy will.

Whene'er our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink, to rise no more :
'Peace, be still.'

Then, when the last dark hour draws near,
That faith may triumph over fear,
May we thy gracious message hear :
'Peace, be still.'

Anon.

THY way is in the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we'll go with thee :
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so ?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand be lost,—
Drear moment of delay !
We cry, 'Lord, help the tempest-tost !'—
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care ;
But comes himself where'er he hears
The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine !
Thy victory how sure !
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace, our griefs dispel ;
And wipe our tears away ;
'Tis thine, to order all things well,
And ours, to bless the sway.

James Martineau.

GO not far from me, O my God,
 Whom all my times obey ;
 Take from me anything thou wilt,
 But go not thou away,—
 And let the storm that does thy work
 Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose
 In weakness and distress ;
 I will not ask for greater ease,
 Lest I should love thee less.
 Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
 To need thy tenderness!

When I am feeble as a child,
 And flesh and heart give way,
 Then on thy everlasting strength
 With passive trust I stay,
 And the rough wind becomes a song,
 The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
 With peaceful heart can say,
 Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
 No waves can take away :
 Then let the storm that speeds me home
 Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring.

X I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road ;
 I do not ask that thou should'st take from me
 Aught of its load :

 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet ;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.

 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
 Lead me aright—
 Though strength should falter and though heart
 should bleed—
 Through peace to light.

 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou should'st shed
 Full radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.

 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see—
 Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
 And follow thee.

 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
 Like quiet night :
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
 Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Procter.

WE praise thee oft for hours of bliss,
 For days of peace and rest,
 But cannot school the heart to learn
 When pains and tears are best.

We praise thee when our way is plain
 And smooth beneath our feet :
 But fain would welcome rougher paths,
 And deem the bitter sweet.

When rises first the blush of hope,
 The saddest heart can sing ;
 Yet not for this alone, my soul,
 Thy cheerful praises bring.

Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
 No heavy toils and pains,
 No watchings and no weariness,
 That bring their precious gains ?

Oh, could we once believe the prayer,
 Our lips repeat in vain !
 Then, as of old, we should 'be still,'
 And 'walk with God' again ;

And sorrow's face would be unveiled,
 And we at last should see
 Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
 Her speech but echoes thee.

J. Page Hopps.

143

8s.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
 Alike they're needful for the flower ;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment.
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove,
 With murmurs, whom they trust and love ?
 Creator, I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to thee :
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine,
 Enough that thou hast made it mine !
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 ' As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done.'

Sarah F. Adams.

144

C.M.

I LITTLE see, I little know,
 Yet can I fear no ill :
 He who hath guided me till now,
 Will be my leader still.

TRUST

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own :
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die,
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn ;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn,
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must :
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

F. L. Hosmer.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
 And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;
 That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 Thy chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Bright with eternal good ;

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm ;

That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play ;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure truth and tender care
 Who earth and heaven commands ;
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey, —
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way :
 Wait thou his time ; so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve his might ;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path, unsullied light.
 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command ;
 With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
 How wise, how strong his hand.

TRUST

Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to thee ;
O lift thou up the trembling hand,
Confirm the feeble knee ;
So shall our life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And all eternity proclaim
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhardt : tr. John Wesley.

148

7.6.D.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance ;
My soul with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate ;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase ;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
The Lord will give thee peace.

J. Montgomery.

REJOICE ! Though storms assail thee ;
 Rejoice when skies are bright ;
 Rejoice ! Though round thy pathway
 Is spread the gloom of night :
 If the good hope be in thee
 That all at last is well,
 Then let thy happy spirit
 With joyful feelings swell.

Look back on early childhood,
 And let thy soul rejoice !
 Who then upheld thy goings,
 And tuned thy feeble voice ?
 Look back on youth's gay visions,
 When life one glory seemed :
 Who poured those rays of gladness
 Which on thy prospect beamed ?

E'en midst the notes of sorrow,
 A still, small, peaceful voice
 Mingled its heavenly accents,
 And bade thy soul, ' Rejoice !'
 Was not the bow of promise
 Still seen amidst the gloom,
 Shedding its hallowed lustre
 E'en round the silent tomb ?

TRUST

Rejoice ! Rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone !
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on ;
And still they bear thee forward,
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song is—
' Rejoice for evermore ! '

*H. Fletcher.**

150

8.7.

H OPE on, hope on, the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning ;
The mists of night precede the light,
And usher in the morning.

Hope on, hope on, though black the clouds,
Black shadows intertwinning ;
Yet calm and still, o'er heath and hill,
The stars will soon be shining.

Hope on, hope on, through frost and snow,
Through trouble, toil, and sorrow ;
Through wind and rain, and tears and pain,
The sun shall pierce to-morrow.

Hope on, hope on, though friends be few,
And dark the way before thee,
A God of love from heaven above
Shall shed his radiance o'er thee.

G. Thring.

O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on thee,
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best !

How far from this our daily life,
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms !
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On thine almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer,—
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear !

We cannot trust him as we should ;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,
 All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

TRUST

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstics.

152

75.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild ;
Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weanèd child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear !

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton.

MY God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

I thank thee too that thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

TRUST

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store :
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

Adelaide A. Procter.

154

8.5.8.3.

GOD is near thee, therefore cheer thee;
Rest in him, sad soul ;
He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll.

Calm thy sadness, look in gladness
To thy Friend on high ;
Faint and weary pilgrim, cheer thee ;
Help is nigh.

Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the stormy skies ;
God defends him, God attends him,
When he cries.

Fare thee onward, through the sunshine,
Or through wintry blast :
Fear forsake thee, God will take thee
Home at last.

Anon.

DAY by day the manna fell ;
 Oh, to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day—the promise reads—
 Daily strength for daily needs :
 Cast foreboding fears away ;
 Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand ;
 All my sanguine hopes have planned
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to thee I live ;
 So shall added years fulfil
 Not mine own—my Father's will.

Fond ambition, whisper not ;
 Happy is my humble lot.
 Anxious, busy cares, away !
 I'm provided for to-day.

Oh, to live exempt from care
 By the energy of prayer,
 Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
 Yet elate with gratitude !

J. Conder.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel thy strong and tender love,
 And all is well again :
 The thought of thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road ;
 But let me only think of thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still ;
 Around me flows thy quickening life,
 To nerve my faltering will ;
 Thy presence fills my solitude ;
 Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
 Held in thy law, I stand ;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in thy hand ;
 Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. Longfellow.

157

8.6.8 6.4.4.8.8.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right ;
 His will is ever just ;
 Howe'er he orders now my cause,
 I will be still and trust.
 He is my God ;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 My Light, my Life is he,
 Who cannot will me aught but good ;
 I trust him utterly ;
 For well I know,
 In joy or woe,
 We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
 How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Here will I take my stand,
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land.
 My Father's care
 Is round me there ;
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;
 And so to him I leave it all.

S. Rodigast : tr. Catherine Winkworth

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
 Of each sad heart that comes to thee for rest :
 Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,—
 We come before thee at thy gracious word,
 And lay them at thy feet : thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;
 How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
 He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid,
 And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed the
 pain,
 And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
 All to each one assigned of tribulation,
 Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;
 All pensive memories, as we journey on,
 Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be crossed at last ;
 Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path, but this,—thou knowest, Lord !

Jane Borthwick.

159

11.10.

FATHER, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing
 flows ;
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow ;
 Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
 Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song ;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
 And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart ! Though heavy be thy sorrows,
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
 Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened
 furrows,
 Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

160

8.7.

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation ;
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

TRUST

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

There, though winds and waves are swelling,
God shall bear thee safe through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Since with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

*J. Montgomery.**

161

L.M.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power ;
For now, my shallow cistern spent,
I find thy fount, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, my fears grow still,—
Behold thy face, my doubts remove ;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love ?

TRUST

That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

Oh, be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to love and power!

S. Johnson.

162

7S.D.

O H, how safe, how happy he,
Lord of hosts, who dwells with thee!
Sheltered 'neath Almighty wings,
Guarded by the King of kings!
How to him should evil come
Who has found in thee a home?
In the refuge of thy breast
Give me, Lord, eternal rest.

Hark, the voice of love divine:
'Fear not, trembler, thou art mine!
Fear not! I am at thy side,
Strong to succour, sure to guide.
Call on me in want and woe;
I will keep thee here below;
And, thy day of conflict past,
Bear thee to myself at last.'

H. F. Lyte.

WHEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold ;
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget thee in my joy ;
And from thee my sunshine borrow,
And by thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend ;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end !

E. M. Geldart.

+ **G**OD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn :
 Would we ask why ?
 It is because all noblest things are born
 In agony.

Only upon some cross of pain or woe
 God's son may lie ;
 Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
 Its Calvary.

Yet we must crave for neither joy nor grief,
 God chooses best :
 He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
 And gives us rest.

More than our feeble souls can ever pine
 For holiness,
 That Father, in his tenderness divine,
 Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
 Still less a pain :
 Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove,
 Our faith the rain.

In his hands we are safe. We falter on
 Through storm and mire :
 Above, around, beside us, there is One
 Will never tire.

TRUST

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie
Our lips in dust—
God's arm will lift us up to victory :
In him we trust.

For neither life nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From his great love.

Frances Power Cobbe.

165

S.M.

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

O thou, our soul's chief hope,
We to thy mercy fly :
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

J. Austin.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
 I should live to thee alone ;
 Year by year thy hand hath brought me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered, thou hast found me ;
 When I doubted, sent me light ;
 Still thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in thy sight.

In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I ;
 But thine aid will never fail me
 While on thee I shall rely.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need ;
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.

I would trust in thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm,
 Follow wholly thy directing,
 Thou mine only guard from harm,
 Keep me from my own undoing ;
 May I turn to thee when tried ;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at thy side !

Anon.

AS helpless as a child who clings
 Fast to his father's arm,
 And casts his weakness on the strength
 That keeps him safe from harm ;
 So I, my Father, cling to thee,
 And thus I every hour
 Would link my earthly feebleness
 To thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
 Up in his mother's face,
 And all his little griefs and fears
 Forgets in her embrace ;
 So I to thee, my Father, look,
 And in thy face divine
 Can read the love that will sustain
 As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
 Close by his parent's knee,
 And knows no want while it can have
 That sweet society ;
 So, sitting at thy feet, my heart
 Would all its love outpour,
 And pray that thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
 To love thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.

168

9.8.

WHAT comforts, Lord, to those are given
 Who seek in thee their home and rest !
 They find on earth an opening heaven,
 And in thy peace are amply blest.

Their tranquil joy no troubles banish,
 Their hiding-place is safe above ;
 The dismal clouds of night must vanish
 At dawning of thy light of love.

In thee, O Lord, I seek protection,
 To thee, I take my eager flight ;
 I yield my feet to thy direction ;
 Behold, my ways are in thy sight !

If thou through thorny paths wilt lead me,
 I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord !
 The clouds at thy command must feed me,
 And rocks refreshing drink afford.

W. C. Dessler.

169

7.6.D.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings,
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing in his wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

TRUST

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say—
'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.'

It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through :
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds, be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cowper.

EVENING and morning,
 Sunset and dawning,
 Wealth, peace, and gladness,
 Comfort in sadness—

These are thy works ; all the glory be thine.
 Times without number,
 Awake or in slumber,
 Thine eye observes us,
 From danger preserves us,
 Causing thy mercy upon us to shine.

Father, O hear me !
 Pardon and spare me,
 Quench all my terrors,
 Blot out my errors,

That by thine eyes they may no more be scanned.
 Order my goings,
 Direct all my doings ;
 As it may please thee,
 Retain or release me—
 All I commit to thy Fatherly hand.

Griefs of God's sending
 All have an ending ;
 Clouds may be pouring,
 Wind and wave roaring ;
 Sunshine will come when the tempest has passed.

TRUST

Joys still increasing,
Peace never-ceasing,
Faith lost in vision,
Hope in fruition—

These are the portion I look for at last.

P. Gerhardt : tr. R. Massie.

171

C.M.

MY God, my Father, blissful name,
Oh, may I call thee mine !
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine !

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly :
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
O bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

Anne Steele.

THE thought of God, the thought of thee,
 Who liest in my heart,
 And yet beyond imagined space
 Outstretched and present art ;—

The thought of thee, above, below,
 Around me and within,
 Is more to me than health and wealth,
 Or love of kith and kin.

It is a thought which ever makes
 Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
 And is a daybreak to our hopes,
 A sunset to our fears.

One while it bids the tears to flow,
 Then wipes them from the eyes,
 Most often fills our souls with joy,
 And always sanctifies.

To think of thee is almost prayer,
 And is outspoken praise ;
 And pain can even passive thoughts
 To actual worship raise.

All murmurs lie inside thy will
 Which are to thee addressed ;
 To suffer for thee is our work,
 To think of thee our rest.

F. W. Faber.

O Holy Father, Friend unseen !
 Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
 Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee.

Blest with the fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt I'll ne'er repine ;
 E'en as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
 Here she has found a place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblessed,
 While she can cling to thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Whispers ' Still cling to me.'

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside :
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
 What can disturb me, who appal,
 While as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Father, I cling to thee ?

Charlotte Elliott.

MY heart is resting, O my God !
 I will give thanks and sing :
 My heart is at the secret source
 Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise :
 I seek the treasure of thy love,
 And close at hand it lies.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
 For want and weakness known,—
 The fear that sends me to thy breast
 For what is most mine own.

Mine be the reverent listening love
 That waits all day on thee ;
 The service of a watchful heart
 Which no one else can see ;

The faith that, in a hidden way
 No other eye may know,
 Finds all its daily work prepared,
 And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God !
 My heart is in thy care ;
 I hear the voice of joy and praise
 Resounding everywhere.

Anna L. Waring.

175

L.M.

FATHER, beneath thy sheltering wing
 In sweet security we rest,
 And fear no evil earth can bring,—
 In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow
 The motions of thy will obeys ;
 And death is good, that makes us know
 The Life divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
 And so thy perfect peace to win ;
 And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
 Nor works us harm save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
 But trust the love that saves, to guide ;
 The grace that yields so rich a store,
 Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. Burleigh.

176 ×

C.M.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
 Amid the darkest hours
 Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
 And thorns are mixed with flowers.
 Are health and ease my happy share—
 Oh, may I bless my God !
 Thy kindness let my songs declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

TRUST

While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

And, oh, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee!

Anne Steele.

177

8.5.

U^NTO thee abiding ever,
Look I in my need,—
Strength of every good endeavour,
Holy thought and deed.

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even,—
Love and Law thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,
Just and sure thy throne;
Not a sparrow falls without thee,
All to thee is known.

TRUST

Origin and end of being,
All things in and through ;
Light thou art of all my seeing,
Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be :
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
Whom in heaven but thee ?

F. L. Hosmer.

178

C.M.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
'Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

TRUST

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

Eliza Scudder.

179

8s.

O LORD, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far ;
Thou show'st paternal tenderness ;
Thy arms of love still open are ;
Thy mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Though clouds and storms go o'er my head ;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone ;
Though joys be withered all and dead ;
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
Steadfast on this my soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fixed in this faith may I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away :
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love !

J. A. Rothe : tr. John Wesley.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fall forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts.

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling-place serene ;
 Before thy first creations,
 O Lord, the same as now,
 To endless generations,
 The everlasting thou !

Our years are like the shadows
 On sunny hills that lie,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die ;
 A sleep, a dream, a story,
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who dost not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.
 On us thy mercy lighten,
 On us thy goodness rest,
 And let thy spirit brighten
 The hearts thyself hast blest.

TRUST

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see thee face to face :
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth.

182

L.M.

O blessed life ! The heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.

O blessed life ! The mind that sees—
Whatever change the years may bring—
Some good still hid in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life ! The soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense,—beyond to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life ! Heart, mind, and soul,
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

TRUST

O life! How blessèd, how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Father, fulfil my deep desire
And let this blessèd life be mine.

W. Tidd Matson.

183 ✈

108.

QUIET from God! How blessèd 'tis to keep
This treasure the All-merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven:

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which his spirit doth reveal!

Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil minds,
Which, like a shadow, o'er creation lower;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of loved ones lost; for that will be a part
Of those undying things which peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting pain,
Nor e'en th' impending, certain stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

Sarah J. Williams.

184

L.M.

FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
 All that is fair and good below ;
 Bestower of the health that lies
 On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !
 Giver of sunshine and of rain ;
 Ripener of fruits on hill and plain ;
 Fountain of light that, rayed afar,
 Fills the vast urns of sun and star !
 Yet deem we not that thus alone
 Thy mercy and thy love are shown ;
 For we have learned, with higher praise,
 And holier names, to speak thy ways.
 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay ;
 Sole trust when life shall pass away ;
 Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
 Of death, and consecrate the tomb !
 Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
 Slow to avenge, and kind to spare :
 Listening to prayer, and reconciled
 Full quickly to thy erring child.

W. C. Bryant.

185

6.5.

O LET him, whose sorrow
 No relief can find,
 Trust in God, and borrow
 Ease for heart and mind.

TRUST

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

H. S. Oswald, tr. Frances E. Cox.

186

7s.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

RECONCILIATION

What is it ? And whither, whence
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good ?

'Tis the Soul—mysterious name ;
Him it seeks from whom it came.
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher :

Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown,
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. Furness.

187

8s.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
Then shall my heart from care be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Father, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy duteous child, that I
May raise to thee a trustful cry.

RECONCILIATION

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
‘ I am thy life, thy God, thy all ! ’
Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

*G. Tersteegen : tr. John Wesley.**

188

108.

‘ **D**RAW nigh to God, he will draw nigh to you ;’
How sweet the promise, sweet and ever true.

Hast thou but eyes to see the vision fair
Of earth and sky ? Behold his presence there.

Hast thou a heart to love ? About thee press
Unnumbered hearts that need thy tenderness.

Thy love thou canst not lose ; he waits to fill
The emptied heart and make it richer still.

Make him but room, he seeks to enter in,
To bring thee peace for pain and heal thy sin.

He loveth all ; no longer fear and doubt ;
His home is wide, and none will he cast out.

Come then in trust and unto God draw nigh ;
Live in his life, and thou shalt never die.

W. G. Tarrant.

I BOW my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin :

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings :
I know that God is good.

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above :
I know not of his hate—I know
His goodness and his love !

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight ;
And with the chastened psalmist own
His judgments too are right.

RECONCILIATION

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee !

J. G. Whittier.

190

8s.

THEE would I love, my strength, my tower !
Thee would I love, my Lord, my God !
Thee would I serve with all my power,
And kiss thy sceptre or thy rod :
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Replenish with thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes repentant tears ;
Give to my heart pure, hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

J. Scheffler : tr. John Wesley.

191

8s.

SPIRIT of grace, thou Light of Life
 Amidst the darkness of the dead ;
 Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
 The patient pilgrim still is led ;
 Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
 Wildered and dark, to thee I come !

Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
 Cleanse all the earthly dross from me ;
 Refine my secret heart within,
 The golden streams of love set free.
 Live thou in me, O Life divine,
 Until my deepest love be thine !

O Breath from far eternity,
 Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land ;
 So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
 Spring up amidst the desert-sand ;
 And where thy living water flows,
 My heart shall blossom as the rose.
G. Tersteegen.

192

7s.

LOVE for all ; and can it be ?
 Can I hope it is for me ?
 I, who strayed so long ago,
 Strayed so far, and fell so low :

RECONCILIATION

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild,
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam :

To my Father can I go ?
At his feet myself I'll throw ;
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands ;
See, he reaches out his hands ;
God is love : I know, I see
There is love for me,—e'en me.

S. Longfellow.

193

7.7.7.6.

WHEN the world around us throws
All its proud, deceiving shows,
Yet the heart no danger knows,
Help us, Lord most holy !

When like sheep we go astray,
When we cast thy gifts away,
When we only seem to pray,
Help us, Lord most holy !

By the joys that look above,
By the pains our faith to prove,
By the conquering power of love,
Help us, Lord most holy !

RECONCILIATION

To our sinful selves to die,
Bad desires to crucify,
And to set our hearts on high,
Help us, Lord most holy !

Thus to do thy will below,
Daily in thy grace to grow,
More and more thy love to know,
Help us, Lord most holy !

Theodore C. Williams.

194 X

7s.

L ORD, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay ;
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun :

Trespases in word and thought ;
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;
Cold ingratitude, distrust ;
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.

Pardon, Lord ;—and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespases forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

J. Conder.

FATHER, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Father, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing !

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within !
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

*Charles Wesley.**

LORD of Life, for ever nigh ;
 All unseen by mortal eye,
 Harkening to the humblest cry ;
 We beseech thee, hear us !

Oft we cling to things of earth ;
 Fleshly pleasures ; empty mirth ;
 Give us, Lord, a heavenly birth ;—
 We beseech thee, hear us !

In thy light make all things new,
 With thy spirit pierce them through ;
 Cleanse the false, reveal the true ;—
 We beseech thee, hear us !

In thy Holy Fatherhood
 Give our souls their fitting food ;
 Make us strong for all things good ;—
 We beseech thee, hear us !

Evil passions in us slay ;
 Show thy will from day to day ;
 Give us wisdom to obey ;—
 We beseech thee, hear us !

Best of all, O Lord, most high,
 Grant us grace to feel thee nigh,
 While we live, and when we die,—
 We beseech thee, hear us !

H. W. Hawkes.

L ORD, when through sin I wander
So very far from thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be ;
But when with heartfelt sorrow
I pray thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect
That in thy heaven I live.

That heaven, Lord, so surrounds me
That when I do the right,
The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light ;
I know not what its glories
Before thy throne must be,
But here thy smiling presence
Is heaven on earth to me.

To love the right and do it
Is to my heart so sweet,
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street.
Give me thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day,
Then heaven within, about me,
Shall compass all my way.

Charles Smith.

198

C.M.

SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace ;
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

Thou still art merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

T'. Jervis.

199

S.M.

SWEET is thy mercy, Lord !
Before thy mercy seat
We plead the promise of thy word,
And know thy mercy sweet.

Where'er thy name is blessed,
Where'er thy people meet,
There may the weary find a rest
And sing thy mercy sweet.

RECONCILIATION

Light of the heavenly way,
Lead thou our wandering feet ;
Shed on our daily path the ray
Of endless mercy sweet !

So, with the host above,
Our joy shall still repeat
The praises of eternal love,
And sing thy mercy sweet.

*J. S. B. Monsell.**

200 X

108.

PEACE, perfect peace, the gift of God within ;
It cometh not till grace hath conquer'd sin.

Peace ; perfect peace,—when all of self is slain,
And, lost in God, no earthly cares remain.

Peace, perfect peace,—when at his feet we fall,
And filled with love proclaim him All in all.

Peace, perfect peace,—the fruit of victory won ;
Press on, brave heart, till life's brief day is done.

Peace, perfect peace,—a foretaste here is given ;
The trusting soul e'en now may find its heaven.

Peace, perfect peace,—O Father, all-divine,
Lead thou me on until thy peace is mine !

H. W. Hawkes.

RECONCILIATION

201

8.7.8.7.3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free,
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing :
 Let some blessing fall on me,
 Even me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father !
 Weak and sinful though I be ;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping ?
 Long been slighting, grieving thee ?
 Has the world my heart been keeping ?
 O forgive and rescue me,
 Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Love of God, so rich and free,
 Love of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify thyself in me,
 Even me.

*Elizabeth Codner.**

202

108.

THOU Life within my life, than self more dear,
 Thou veiled Presence infinitely near !
 From all my nameless weariness I flee
 To find my centre and my rest in thee.

GOD'S PRESENCE

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies ;
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares.

How can I call thee who art always here,
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,
What may I give thee save what thou hast given,
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven ?

Eliza Scudder.

203

C.M.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here !

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about ?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

Oh, sweeter than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee !

F. L. Hosmer.

WHERE is thy God, my soul ?
 Is he within thy heart ;
 Or ruler of a distant realm
 In which thou hast no part ?

 Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Only in stars and sun ?
 Or have the holy words of truth
 His light in every one ?

 Where is thy God, my soul ?
 Confined to Scripture's page ?
 Or does his Spirit check and guide
 The spirit of each age ?

 O Ruler of the sky,
 Rule thou within my heart ;
 O great Adorner of the world,
 Thy light of life impart !

 Giver of holy words,
 Bestow thy holy power,
 And aid me, whether work or thought
 Engage the varying hour.

 In thee have I my help,
 As all my fathers had ;
 I'll trust thee when I'm sorrowful,
 And serve thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch.

'WHERE is your God?' they say :
 Answer them, Lord most holy !
 Reveal thy secret way
 Of visiting the lowly :
 Not wrapped in moving cloud,
 Or nightly-resting fire ;
 But veiled within the shroud
 Of silent, high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
 Or bursting frown of thunder ;
 Come in the viewless form
 Of wakening love and wonder ;—
 Of duty grown divine,
 The restless spirit still ;
 Of sorrows taught to shine,
 As shadows of thy will.

O God, the pure alone,—
 E'en in their deep confessing,—
 Can see thee as their own,
 And find the perfect blessing ;
 Yet to each waiting soul
 Speak in thy still, small voice,
 Till broken love's made whole,
 And saddened hearts rejoice.

James Martineau.

O GOD! Beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.

Thou'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after thee in vain :
 Thy herald is the stormy wind,
 Thy path the watery plain :
 But thee in tempests who can find,
 Or in the trackless main ?

We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air :
 The waves obey thy dread control,
 Yet still thou art not there.
 Where shall I find him, O my soul !
 Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his Spirit rest !
 O come, thou Presence infinite
 And make thy creature blest.

*J. Conder.**

207

II. 10.

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning
breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with thee, as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee :
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

O H, the silences of heaven,
 How they speak to me of God,
 Now the veil in twain is riven
 That concealed where he abode !
 Yet its clouds were once around him,
 And I sought him in despair ;
 Never, never there I found him,
 Till I brought him with me there.

Never till his love hath found thee,
 Shall the cloud and mist depart ;
 Vain to seek him all around thee,
 Till he dwell within thy heart.
 Not without thee, but within thee
 Must the oracle be heard,
 As he seeketh still to win thee
 And to guide thee by his word.

When I found him in my bosom,
 Then I found him everywhere,
 In the bud and in the blossom,
 In the earth and in the air ;
 And he spake to me with clearness
 From the silent stars that say,
 ' As ye find him in his nearness,
 Ye shall find him far away.'

*Walter C. Smith.**

209

C.M.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad,
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

W. Drennan.

210

L.M.

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,
The world without, the world within,
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower ;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

GOD'S PRESENCE

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word ;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. Beach.

211 X

11.10.

I CANNOT find thee ! Still on restless pinion,
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell ;
I wander, lost, through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee ! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought, up-
soaring,
From further quest comes back : thou art not
there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth : there, O God, thou art.

I cannot lose thee ! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam ;
The law, that holds the worlds, my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

O THOU who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow thee through unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line ;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death ;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed ;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home.

F. L. Hosmer.

I SAW the beauty of the world
 Before me like a flag unfurled,
 The splendour of the morning sky,
 And all the stars in company ;
 I thought, How beautiful it is !—
 My soul said, 'There is more than this.'

I saw the pomps of death and birth,
 The generations of the earth ;
 I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
 And love as wide as heaven is round ;
 I thought, How wonderful it is !—
 My soul said, 'There is more than this.'

Sometimes I have an awful thought,
 That bids me do the thing I ought ;
 It comes like wind, it burns like flame,
 How shall I give that thought a name,
 Or tell the gentleness and might
 Of that which bids me love the right ?

Yea, there is One I cannot see
 Or hear, but he is Lord to me ;
 And in the heavens, the earth, the skies,
 The good that lives till evil dies,
 The love that guards me lest I fall,
 He writes his name,—'The Lord of all.'

*W. B. Rands.**

THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble.

THE heavens declare his glory,
 Their Maker's skill, the skies ;
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard ;
 The record of creation,
 The page of nature's word,

There, from his bright pavilion,
 Like eastern bridegroom clad,
 Hailed by earth's thousand million
 The sun sets forth ; right glad,
 His glorious race commencing,
 The mighty giant seems ;
 Through the vast round dispensing
 His all-pervading beams.

So pure, so soul-restoring,
 Is truth's diviner ray ;
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day :
 The wanderer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise ;
 And evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.

J. Conder.

216

L.M.

THOU One in all, thou All in one,
 Source of the grace that crowns our days,
 For all thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
 We lift to thee our grateful praise.
 We bless thee for the life that flows,
 A pulse in every grain of sand,
 A beauty in the blushing rose,
 A thought and deed in brain and hand.
 For life that thou hast made a joy,
 For strength to make our lives like thine,
 For duties that our hands employ,—
 We bring our offerings to thy shrine.
 Be thine to give and ours to own
 The truth that sets thy children free,
 The law that binds us to thy throne,
 The love that makes us one with thee.

S. C. Beach.

217

L.M.

SOURCE divine and life of all,
 The fount of being's wondrous sea,
 Thy depth would every heart appal
 That saw not love supreme in thee.
 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
 Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
 We know thee truly but in this,
 That thou bestowest all our good.

GOD'S PRESENCE

And so 'mid boundless time and space
We learn at last in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

Never may life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

Give thou to every joyous thrill
The deeper tone of reverent awe :
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach our hearts to love thy law.

J. Sterling.

218

L.M.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,—
My God, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent !

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee,
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.

To them remains nor place nor time ;
Their country is in every clime ;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since thou art there.

GOD'S PRESENCE

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guion : tr. W. Cowper.

219

S.M.

STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee :
With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart :
With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With thee, my heart would find :
With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose ;
Calm, in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.
With thee, in thee, by faith,
Abiding would I be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

J. D. Burns.

220

L.M.

O GOD, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, thy law is love ;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do thy will.

Unto thy children's spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the power of speech ;
And make them know, with joyful awe,
The encircling presence of thy law.

That law doth give to Truth and Right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly worshipped lie,
And boasting wrong, to cower and die.

Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will ;
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love, to come to nought.

Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still ;
Who works for justice, works with thee,
Who works in love, thy child shall be.

S. Longfellow.

221

C.M.

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign ;
Anoint our eyes to see, within
The common, the divine.

GOD'S PRESENCE

'Lo here, lo there,' no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.

We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

222

C.M.

O NAME, all other names above,
What art thou not to me?
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee.

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill!

GOD'S PRESENCE

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod ;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,—
The soul's own sense of God.

The thought of thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall ;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

F. L. Hosmer.

223

L.M.

THERE'S not a bird in lonely nest,
In pathless wood, or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in thy paternal care.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude ;
And thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

GOD'S LOVE

And every moment still doth bring,
Thy blessings on its gracious wing ;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

B. W. Noel.

224

L.M.

ONE Lord there is, all lords above,—
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah, to wrong what is his name ?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun ;
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the everlasting name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame !
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me ?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
I lose my life, and all too late
Shall seek in vain, and miss the gate :—

GOD'S LOVE

Thy happy gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the everlasting name.

W. B. Rands.

225

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy, ^{X^{8.7.}}
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

226

L.M.

O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art near.'

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear !
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

227

8s.

WE hold it true, that all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish,—all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain.

GOD'S LOVE

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

Whate'er befall, 'tis true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
This faith is blessing, this is life.

*R. C. Trench.**

228

8.7.D.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Come with peace to every heart.

*Charles Wesley.**

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes,
 God's meekest angel gently comes ;
 No power has he to banish pain,
 Or give us back our lost again ;
 And yet, in kindest love, our dear
 And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
 There's rest in his still countenance ;
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
 What ills and woes he may not cure,
 He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of patience, sent to calm
 Our feverish brows with cooling balm,
 To lay the storms of hope and fear,
 And reconcile life's smile and tear,
 The throbs of wounded hearts to still,
 And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on the way,
 With longings for the close of day,
 He walks with thee, that angel kind,
 And gently whispers, ' Be resigned !
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
 The dear Lord ordereth all things well.'

From the German, tr. J. G. Whittier.

I HAVE no comfort but thy love ;
 Without it, life is death to me ;
 Joyless through all its joys I move,
 Hopeless through all its misery ;
 Yet, trusting thee, I daily prove
 The blessèd comfort of thy love.

Thou art the Rock on which I stand,
 When round me rages life's rough sea,
 Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand,
 The haven where my soul would be ;
 Daily I feel, and nightly prove
 The blessèd comfort of thy love.

O lift me higher, nearer thee,
 And as I rise more pure and meet,
 O let my soul's humility
 Make me lie lower at thy feet ;
 Less trusting self the more I prove
 The blessèd comfort of thy love.

Grateful my songs arise to thee
 With morning's dawn and evening's fall ;
 For thou hast ever been to me
 My light, my life, mine all in all ;
 My day is night if thou remove ;
 I have no comfort but thy love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

231

8.7.

GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove ;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are busy ever,
 Man decays and ages move ;
 But his mercy waneth never :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist his brightness streameth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere his glory shineth :
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir J. Bowring.

232

L.M.

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
 At evening's calm and holy hour,
 As if its inmost depths discerned
 The presence of a loftier power ?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
 While ancient rivers murmured by,
 A voice from forth the eternal shades,
 That spake a present Deity ?

INSPIRATION

And, as upon some storied page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?
It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.
Voice of our God, O yet be near ;
In low, sweet accents whisper peace ;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.
S. G. Bulfinch.

233

L.M.

THOU Power and Peace, in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove !
For ever lend thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us thine ;
Nor leave the hearts which thou hast made
Fit temples of thy grace divine.
Nor let us quench thy saving light ;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O God of Peace, the Comforter !

C. Frances Alexander.

234

7.6.

THE light pours down from heaven,
 And enters where it may ;
 The eyes of all earth's children
 Are cheered with one bright day.
 So let the mind's true sunshine
 Be spread o'er earth as free,
 And fill men's waiting spirits
 As the waters fill the sea.
 The soul can shed a glory
 On every work well done ;
 As even things most lowly
 Are radiant in the sun.
 Then let each human spirit
 Enjoy the vision bright ;
 The truth which comes from heaven
 Shall spread like heaven's own light ;
 Till earth becomes God's temple,
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one great service,
 Each happy in his part.

J. Gostick.

235

C.M.

GO not, my soul, in search of him,
 Thou wilt not find him there,—
 Or in the depths of shadow dim,
 Or heights of upper air.

INSPIRATION

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne ;
In every heart it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin ;
The outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with his glory shine.

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.

Oh, gift of gifts ! Oh, grace of grace,—
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend !

Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair ;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there.

F. L. Hosmer.

HE hides within the lily
 A strong and tender care,
 That wins the earth-born atoms
 To glory of the air ;
 He weaves the shining garments
 Unceasingly and still,
 Along the quiet waters,
 In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
 With him who bent the knee
 To watch the old-time lilies
 In distant Galilee ;
 And still the worship deepens
 And quickens into new,
 As, brightening down the ages,
 God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch is in the man !
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan.
 The flower horizons open,
 The blossom vaster shows,
 We hear thy wide world's echo,—
 See how the lily grows !

INSPIRATION

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought ;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all !

W. C. Gannett.

237 X

C.M.

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise
In paths till now untrod ;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;
I drop my daily load ;
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

INSPIRATION

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod ;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God.

*F. L. Hosmer.**

238

C.M.D.

WE limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined ;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given ?
That universe, how much unknown !
That ocean unexplored !
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

INSPIRATION

Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

The valleys past, ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press ; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

G. Rawson.

239

8.6.8.4.

OUR blessèd Master, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

PRAYER

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place
And worthier thee.

Harriet Auber.

240

C.M.

SWEET is the prayer, whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

PRAYER

But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by no human ear ;
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

No accents flow, no words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts, the prayer.

Manchester (Mosley Street) Selection.

241

7s.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

O. Holden.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
 Its tumult, toil, and care ;
 Oh, may I find thy peace and rest
 In this still hour of prayer !

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Father—thou art mine !

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,—
 A boundless, endless store,—
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more !

*W. Cowper.**

GO when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night ;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thoughts away,
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,—
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach the throne of glory,
 Of mercy, truth, and love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare—
 The power that God hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer !
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall ;
 And remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

*Jane C. Simpson.**

CHILD amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently ;
 Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest work to leave ;
 Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band ;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone ;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea :—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun ;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial-plain ;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see :—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Felicia D. Hemans.

WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer ?
 Whatever good we want ;
 Whatever man may seek to share,
 Or God in wisdom grant.

Father of all our mercies—thou,
 In whom we move and live—
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
 And answer and forgive !

When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
 Our helplessness we feel ;
 O give the weary soul repose,
 The wounded spirit heal !

When dire temptations gather round,
 And threaten or allure,
 By storm or calm, in thee be found
 A refuge strong and sure.

When age advances, may we grow
 In faith, and hope, and love ;
 And walk in holiness below
 To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,
 Desire and envy cease,
 Be thou the portion of our heart,
 In thee may we have peace !

J. Montgomery.

246

C.M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, ' Behold, he prays ! '

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

J. Montgomery.

247 X

8.8.8.4.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet—
 The hour of prayer ?

PRAYER

Then is my strength by thee renewed,
Then are my sins by thee forgiven,
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

248 ✕

C.M.

FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,—
The universal Lord :

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom hath denied
Or aught thy goodness lent.

DUTY

Teach me to feel another's woe ;
To hide the faults I see ;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Where I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
Where I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way !

Not to the earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise !

*Alexander Pope.**

249

7.6.D.

O STAR of Truth, down shining
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
My pathway may appear.
However long the journey,
How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

DUTY

I know thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way.
E'en if through untrod deserts
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod ;
But fires of human passion
May light the way to God.
Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

Though loving friends forsake me
Or plead with me in tears ;
Though angry foes may threaten
To shake my soul with fears ;
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be :
Through life or death, for ever
Lead on, I'll follow thee !

Minot J. Savage.

OFT when of God we ask
 For fuller, happier life,
 He sets us some new task,
 Involving care and strife :
 Is this the boon for which we sought ?
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?

This is indeed the boon,
 Though strange to us it seems ;
 We pierce the rock, and soon
 The blessing on us streams ;
 For when we are the most athirst,
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field
 Wherein, to us unknown,
 A treasure lies concealed
 Which may be all our own ;
 And shall we of the toil complain
 That speedily will bring such gain ?

We dig the wells of life,
 And God the water gives ;
 We win our way by strife,
 Then he within us lives ;
 And only war could make us meet
 For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee ;
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Adelaide A. Procter.

WITHOUT haste and without rest :
 Bind the motto to thy breast,
 Bear it with thee as a spell ;
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well ;
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom ;
 Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
 Mar the spirit's steady speed ;
 Ponder well and know the right,
 Onward then with all thy might ;
 Haste not—years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done !

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
 Do and dare before you die ;
 Something worthy and sublime
 Leave behind to conquer time ;
 Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
 When these forms have passed away.

Haste not—rest not, calm in strife,
 Meekly bear the storms of life ;
 Duty be thy polar guide,
 Do the right whate'er betide ;
 Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last !

Hymns of the Ages.

SING we of the Golden City,
 Pictured in the legends old !
 Everlasting light shines o'er it,
 Wondrous things of it are told.

Only righteous men and women •
 Dwell within its gleaming walls ;
 Wrong is banished from its borders,
 Justice reigns within its halls.

We are builders of that City,
 All our joys and all our groans
 Help to rear its shining ramparts,
 All our lives are building-stones.

For that City we must labour,
 For its sake bear pain and grief ;
 In it find the end of living
 And the anchor of belief.

And the work that we have builded,
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
 Oft in error, oft in anguish,
 Will not perish with our years :

It will last, and shine transfigured,
 In the final reign of right ;
 It will pass into the splendours
 Of the City of the Light.

*F. Adler.**

WE believe in human kindness
 Large amid the sons of men ;
 Nobler far in willing blindness
 Than in censure's keenest ken.
 We believe in self-denial,
 And its secret throb of joy ;
 In the love that lives through trial,
 Dying not, though death destroy.

We believe in dreams of duty
 Warning us to self-control,
 Foregleams of the glorious beauty
 That shall yet transform the soul ;
 In the godlike wreck of nature
 Sin doth in the sinner leave,
 That he may regain the stature
 He hath lost—we do believe.

We believe in love renewing
 All that sin hath swept away,
 Leaven-like its work pursuing
 Night by night and day by day ;
 In the power of its remoulding,
 In the grace of its reprieve,
 In the glory of beholding
 Its perfection—we believe.

DUTY

We believe in love eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a depth that's deeper still ;
In its patience, its endurance,
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph—we believe.

Anon.

255

C.M.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

T. Hincks.

NOW to heaven our prayer ascending,—
 God speed the right ;
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the right.
 Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
 All their loving toil rewarded,
 And success on earth accorded ;
 God speed the right !

Be that prayer again repeated,—
 God speed the right ;
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,—
 God speed the right.
 Like the good and great in story
 Told by generations hoary,
 If they fail they fail with glory,—
 God speed the right !

Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right ;
 No event or danger fearing,
 God speed the right.
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 Never from the truth receding,
 And in Heaven's own time succeeding ;
 God speed the right !

DUTY

Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right ;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth shall win, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
Proudly let us then obey it ;
God speed the right !

W. E. Hickson.

257

8.7.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream !'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time :—

DUTY

Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

258

7.6.7.5.D.

WORK, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
Work, 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter ;
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour ;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

DUTY

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,—
Fadeth, to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.
*Anna L. Coghill.**

259

L.M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.
Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost spirit see ;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day :

DUTY

For thee delightedly employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

260

L. M.

'**T**HUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord—
With all thy heart and soul and mind.'

So speaks to man that sacred word
For counsel and reproof designed.

'With all thy heart ;' no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

'With all thy mind ;' each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,—
These must religion sanctify.

'With soul and strength ;' thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to him.

O God, in whom we live and move !
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

*Emily Taylor.**

261

ONCE to every man and nation X 8.7.D.
 Comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
 For the good or evil side ;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 Offers each the bloom or blight,
 And the choice goes by for ever
 'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
 When we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
 And 'tis prosperous to be just ;
 Then it is the brave man chooses,
 While the coward stands aside,
 Till the multitude make virtue
 Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
 Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong ;
 Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be Wrong ;
 Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow,
 Keeping watch above his own.

J. R. Lowell.

262

8.7.

COURAGE, brother ! Do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There's a star to guide the humble :
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Though the road be long and dreary,
 And its ending out of sight,
 Foot it bravely—strong or weary :
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Trust no party, church, or faction,
 Trust no leaders in the fight,
 But in every word and action,
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from man, and look above thee :
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward light,
 Star upon our path abiding :
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Norman Macleod.

263

L.M.

HE liveth long who liveth well,
 All else is life but flung away ;
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

DUTY

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill every hour with what will last,
Use well the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap,—
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. Bonar.

264

7s.

CHRISTIAN, rise and act thy creed,
Let thy prayer be in thy deed ;
Seek the right, perform the true,
Raise thy work and life anew.

Hearts around thee sink with care ;
Thou canst help their load to bear,
Thou canst bring inspiring light,
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

DUTY

Wrong shall die in open day,
Virtue shine beyond decay,
Falsehood flee from candour's face,
Health reflect eternal grace.

Let thine alms be hope and joy,
And thy worship God's employ ;
Give him thanks in humble zeal,
Learning all his will to feel.

Come then, law divine, and reign,
Freest faith assailed in vain,
Perfect love bereft of fear,
Born in heaven and radiant here !

Rollo Russell.

265

L.M.

THE uplifted eye, the bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice and obtain thy smile ?

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

LOVE AND BROTHERHOOD

'Love God and man ;' that great command,
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thy ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

T. Scott.

266

L.M.

O FAIREST-BORN of love and light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear !

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth ;
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim !

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ spake thy mercy, O Most High,
Thy pity to each grievous woe.

That voice's echo hath not died :
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

J. G. Whittier.

267

7S.D.

LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
 Perfecting the church below,
 Steadfast may we cleave to thee,
 Love the mystic union be.
 Join our faithful spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to thine ;
 Lead us through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.

Move, and actuate, and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide ;
 Placed according to thy will,
 Let us all our work fulfil ;
 Never from our office move,
 Needful to each other prove,
 Use the grace on each bestowed,
 Tempered by the art of God !

Sweetly may we all agree,
 Touched with softest sympathy ;
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Great nor servile, Lord, in thee :
 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
 Rendered all distinctions void ;
 Names and sects and parties fall :
 Thou, O God, art all in all !

*Charles Wesley.**

268

C.M.D.

THE rose is queen among the flowers,
 None other is so fair ;
 The lily nodding on her stem
 With fragrance fills the air.
 But sweeter than the lily's breath
 And than the rose more fair,
 The tender love of human hearts,
 That springeth everywhere.

The rose will fade and fall away,
 The lily, too, will die ;
 But love shall live for evermore
 Beyond the starry sky.
 Then sweeter than the lily's breath,
 And than the rose more fair,
 The tender love of human hearts,
 Upspringing everywhere.

F. L. Hosmer.

269

C.M.

POUR forth the oil—pour boldly forth !
 It will not fail, until
 Thou fairest vessels to provide,
 Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing streams,
 To fill them every one.

LOVE AND BROTHERHOOD

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above :
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;—
Such is the law of love.

R. C. Trench.

270

L.M.

FAITH, Hope, and Charity—these three :
Yet is the greatest Charity !
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart :

Faith, that in prayer can never fail ;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail ;
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for ' God is Love.'

The morning star is lost in light ;
Faith vanishes at perfect sight ;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form :

But Charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

J. Montgomery.

271

7S.D.

FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined ;
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what offering shall we bring
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye exprest ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store.
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring—
 Love to thee and all mankind.

John Taylor.

272

7.7.7.5.

MIGHTY Spirit, gracious Guide !
 Let thy light in us abide ;—
 Light supreme o'er all beside—
 Holy, heavenly love.

Faith that mountains could remove,
 Tongues of earth and heaven above,
 Knowledge,—all things,—empty prove,
 Without heavenly love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,
 Give my goods the poor to feed,
 All is vain if love I need,—
 Therefore, give me love.

Love is kind, and suffers long ;
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;
 Love than death itself more strong ;—
 Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day ;
 Love will ever with us stay ;—
 Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
 Hope be emptied in delight ;
 Love in heaven will shine more bright ;—
 Therefore give us love.

LOVE AND BROTHERHOOD

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

*Christopher Wordsworth.**

273

AT first I prayed for Light : X
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day !

S.M.

And next I prayed for Strength,—
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith :—
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love,
Deep love to God and man ;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan ;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere !
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Edna D. Cheney.

274

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish
 While the days are going by ;
 There are weary souls who perish
 While the days are going by :
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we all may do
 While the days are going by !

There's no time for idle scorning
 While the days are going by ;
 Be our faces like the morning
 While the days are going by :
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes !
 Help the fallen one to rise
 While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us
 While the days are going by,
 One by one we leave behind us
 While the days are going by :
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in sun and shade will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow
 While the days are going by.

G. Cooper.

275

C.M.

O GOD, whose thoughts are brightest light,
 Whose love runs always clear,
 To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
 Amidst their sins are dear !

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
 With charity like thine,
 Till self shall be the only spot
 On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls,
 Round whom thine arms are drawn ;
 And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
 Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
 We deem the world unkind ;
 Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
 Only the poison find.

But they have caught the way of God,
 To whom self lies displayed
 In such clear vision as to cast
 O'er others' faults a shade.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
 All sweetness is from thee ;
 Dear God, for evermore be thou
 Fountain and fire in me !

F. W. Faber.

276

II. 10.

HE whom the Master loved has truly spoken :—
The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

O brother man ! Fold to thy heart thy brother ;
Where pity dwells the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other :
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of him whose holy work was 'doing good' :
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. Whittier.

277

L.M.

THOU, who deignest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
With unextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

O Lord, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

CONSECRATION

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

278

L.M.

O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom thou alone canst give ;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to thee,
And love thy simple word the more.

O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from thee apart,—
How sure is joy for all who turn
To thee an undivided heart.

O grant us life, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

O grant us light when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttiatt.

O GOD, whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to thee.

In fearless, world-wide search for truth,
Whatever form it wear,
Or crown, or cross, or praise, or blame,
We thine ourselves declare.

In love that binds mankind in one,
That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,—
In this we're thine indeed.

In labour whose far-distant end
Is bringing to accord
Man's common life with highest hope,
We follow thee, O Lord!

To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves; and doing this
We give ourselves to thee.

For hand and heart and mind are thine,
And thine the will to give,
So what is thine we render thee,
And for thy service live.

Minot J. Savage.

O LORD of life, and love, and power,
 How joyful life might be,
 If in thy service every hour
 We lived and moved with thee :
 If youth in all its bloom and might
 By thee were sanctified,
 And manhood found its chief delight
 In working at thy side !

'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
 A new life to begin ;
 'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
 And break with self and sin.
 And we this day, both old and young,
 Would earnestly aspire
 For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
 And purified desire.

Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
 But for all faithful souls
 Who serve thy cause by word or deed,
 Whose names thy book enrols.
 O speed thy work, victorious King !
 And give thy workers might,
 That through the world thy truth may ring,
 And all men see thy light !

Ella S. Armitage.

LIFE, and light, and joy are found
 In the presence of the Lord ;
 Life with richest blessings crowned,
 Light from many fountains poured.
 Life and light and holy joy,
 None can darken or destroy.

Bring to him life's brightest hours,
 He will make them still more bright ;
 Give to him your noblest powers,
 He will hallow all your might.
 Come to him with eager quest,
 You shall hear his high behest.

All your questions large and deep,
 All the open thought of youth.
 Bring to him, and you shall reap
 All the harvest of his truth.
 You shall find in that great store,
 Largest love and wisest lore.

Then, when comes life's wider sphere,
 And its busier enterprise,
 You shall find him ever near,
 Looking with approving eyes
 On all honest work and true,
 His dear servants' hands can do.

CONSECRATION

And if care should dim your eye,
And life's shadows come apace,
You shall find him ever nigh
In his all-abounding grace ;
Changing sorrow's darkest night
Into morning clear and bright.

C. E. Mudie.

282 ✕

8.6.

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord,
But train me for thy will ;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve thee still.

All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day ;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his sonship may.
Lord, I would serve, and be a son :
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch.

283 X

8.7.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer :
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,
 But for strength that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be ;
 But by steep and rugged pathways
 Would we strive to climb to thee.

Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly quiet stay ;
 But would win the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings be our guide ;
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,
 Father, be thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,
 Storm or sunshine be our share ;
 May our souls, in hope unwearied,
 Make thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Anon.

284

S.M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see ;
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee.

CONSECRATION

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend :
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

All may of thee partake :
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
The meanest work, divine.

George Herbert, alt. John Wesley.

285

6.4.

TO thee, my God, to thee,
Teach me to live ;
To thee, my God, to thee,
All would I give.

Whate'er I hold most dear
I would resign,
Sure I have nothing here—
All mine is thine.

The life that came from thee
Can never die ;
Teach me to yield it thee
Without a sigh.

CONSECRATION

For still my heart does cling
To what is fair ;
Heavenward my spirit wing,
And fix it there.

Bear all that most I love
To heavenly rest ;
Bear thus my soul above,
And make it blest.

Mary Carpenter.

286

7s.

GOD of Truth, thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon thee ;
Ever on the rock abide,
High above the changing tide.

Theirs is the unwavering mind,
No more tossed with every wind ;
No more doth their steadfast heart
From the living God depart.

Father, strengthen thou my will,
With thy gracious purpose fill ;
Rooted, grounded may I be,
Fixed in thy stability.

Henceforth may I firmly stand,
Build no longer on the sand ;
But defy temptation's shock,
Deeply founded on the rock.

S. Longfellow.

287

S.M.

GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still ;
Thou who our strength for ever art,
We come to do thy will.

Upon the painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God !

To draw thy blessings down,
And bring the wronged redress,
To give this glorious world its crown—
The spirit's godlikeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue :
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong !

Thou hearest while we pray ;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
Thy word—' On earth be Light.'

S. Johnson.

288 X

7s.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee ;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

CONSECRATION

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my will, and make it thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is thine own ;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

289

7s.

PARDON, Lord, the lips that dare
Shape in words a mortal's prayer ;
I can only urge the plea,—
'Lord, be merciful to me !'

What thou wilt, O Father, give,
All is gain that I receive ;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

CONSECRATION

Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace ;
Let me find in thine employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on :
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do ;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant !

J. G. Whittier.

290

7s.

SOURCE of love, and Light of day !
Tear me from myself away :
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of thine.

Can I grieve thee, whom I love—
Thee, in whom I live and move ?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill !

Still I choose thee—follow still
Every notice of thy will :
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

CONSECRATION

Thee relinquished—how we roam,
 Feel our way, and leave our home !
 Thou alone our comfort art,
 Strengtheners of the trembling heart !

Madame Guion : tr. W. Cowper.

291

L.M.

A WAKE our souls ! Away our fears !
 Let every trembling thought be gone ;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint—

Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
 And onward led from strength to strength,
 Find thee, our Helper, ever nigh.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount with joy the heavenly height,
 And, perfect in thy love, possess
 Life in the fulness of thy light.

*Isaac Watts.**

292

8.7.

CHRISTIAN warrior, faint not, fear not !
 Though thy foes press thickly round ;
 Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
 The glad gospel's trumpet sound !

Christian warrior, ne'er unarm thee,
 When, in flattering pleasure's guise,
 The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee ;—
 Christian sentinel, be wise !

Wearied warrior, still assure thee,
 ' As thy day, thy strength shall be ' ;
 When thou'st borne the battle's fury,
 Turn not at its close and flee !

Lo, the clouds of war are clearing ;
 Foes are waxing faint and few ;
 Through their scattered ranks appearing,
 Zion's towers expand to view !

Christian warrior, grace protect thee ;
 Watch and pray and onward hie ;
 Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
 Angel bards of victory !

T. A. Ashworth.

293 X

L.M.

SILENT like men in solemn haste,
 Girded wayfarers of the waste,
 We press along the narrow road
 That leads to life, to truth, to God.

CONSECRATION

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win :
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep ;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight ;

No love of present gain or ease ;
No seeking man or self to please ;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed,
'Tis but a little, and we rest ;
Finished the toil—the race is run ;
The battle fought—the field is won !

H. Bonar.

294 X

C.M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on !
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

CONSECRATION

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

Philip Doddridge.

295

C.M.

GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;
Now, each man to his post !

The red-cross banner is unfurled :

Who joins the glorious host ?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,

And counting all the cost,

Doth consecrate his generous youth,—

He joins the noble host !

He who, no anger on his tongue,

Nor any idle boast,

Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—

He joins the sacred host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,

Ne'er counts the battle lost,

But, though defeated, battles still,—

He joins the faithful host !

CONSECRATION

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most ;
And shuns not pain, or shame, or loss,—
He joins the martyr host !

S. Longfellow.

296

‘CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,’^{7.7.7.3.}
Hear thy loving Master say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;—
‘ Watch and pray.’

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Stand, till evil days be done :
‘ Watch and pray.’

Hear the victors who o’ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior’s way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,—
‘ Watch and pray.’

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart his word,—
‘ Watch and pray.’

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, till sin be overthrown :
‘ Watch and pray.’

Charlotte Elliott.

297

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

BREAST the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest;
 Watch for day, Christian,
 When the night's longest :
 Onward and onward still
 Be thine endeavour ;
 The rest that remaineth
 Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
 Heaven is o'er thee ;
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee.
 He who hath promised
 Faltereth never ;
 Love from eternity
 Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth ;
 Raise the heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth ;
 Thee from the love of God
 Nothing shall sever ;
 Mount when thy work is done,
 Praise him for ever.

J. Stammers.

298

C.M.

IMMORTAL by their deed and word,
 Like light around them shed,
 Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
 Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood,
 Yet floats upon the air ;
 We hear it in beatitude,
 In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
 Shines star-like on our way ;
 And breathes its calm amid the strife
 And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life for evermore,
 That life of duty here—
 The trust that in the darkest hour
 Looked forth and knew no fear !

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on,
 Speed on thy conquering way,
 Till every heart the Father own,
 And all his will obey !

F. L. Hosmer.

299

C.M.

HARK, the glad sound ! The Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name !

Philip Doddridge.

300

S.M.

BEHOLD the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord !
God's well-belovèd Son fulfils
The promise of his word.
No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Lo ! Meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.
The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts ;
Oh, may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts !
Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way,
The path which Christ hath marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

J. Needham.

301

S.M.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear :—
' Repent, be just, and sin no more ;
God's judgment draweth near.'
A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear :—
' Love God ; thy neighbour love ; for see,
God's mercy draweth near.'
O Voice of Duty, still
Speak forth ! I hear with awe ;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.
Thou higher voice of love,
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

S. Longfellow.

THE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil
 The child of poverty and toil ;
 The Man of Sorrows, born to know
 Each varying shade of human woe :
 His joy, his glory to fulfil,
 In earth and heaven, his Father's will ;
 On lonely mount, by festive board,
 On bitter cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,
 He speaks, as never man yet spake,
 The truth which makes his servants free,
 The royal law of liberty.
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
 His living words our spirits stay,
 And from his treasures, new and old,
 The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come ! In every heart
 Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
 In every land where right is might,
 And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
 In every Church where faith and love
 Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;
 In every holy, happy home,
 We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast come !
A. P. Stanley.

AMID the din of earthly strife,
Amid the busy crowd,
The whispers of eternal life
Are lost in clamours loud ;
When, lo ! I find a healing balm ;
The world grows dim to me ;
My spirit rests in sudden calm
With Christ in Galilee !

I linger near him in the throng,
And listen to his voice ;
I feel my weary soul grow strong,
My saddened heart rejoice.
Amid the storms that darkly frown
I hear his whisper sweet,
And lay my heavy burden down
At his beloved feet.

My vision swiftly fades away,
The world is round me still ;
But Jesus seems with me to stay,
His promise to fulfil.
And toil and duty sweeter seem
While he abides with me ;
My heart is rested by my dream
Of Christ in Galilee !

H. W. Hawkes.

WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad ;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer ;
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God ;
For within his heart of love
All the soul of Man did move,
God had his abode.

Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love ;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke.

305

C.M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo, such the child, whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly pass away.

O thou, whose infant feet were led
 Within thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
 Were all alike divine ;

We seek that spirit's bounteous breath,
 We ask his grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

*Reginald Heber.**

306 X

8.8.8.6.

IT fell upon a summer day,
 When Jesus walked in Galilee,
 The mothers of the village brought
 Their children to his knee.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

He took them in his arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head ;
' Suffer these little ones to come
To me,' he gently said ;

' Forbid them not ; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto my kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.'

Master, I fain would enter there ;
O let me follow thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care !

All happy thoughts and gentle ways,
And loving kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart thine heaven.

Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

Oh, happy thus to live and move !
And sweet this world where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, his love,
His good in all mankind !

Stopford A. Brooke.

307 Y

L. M.

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
 The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
 And on the waters drearily
 Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
 And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
 The wandering beast has sought his lair,
 And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
 Lingers a form of human kind ;
 And on his lone, unsheltered head
 Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
 Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?
 Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;
 He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,
 To bless, to save the human race ;
 And through his poverty there flows
 A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

W. Russell.

308

7s.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice ;
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner, come ! For here is found
Balm, that flows for every wound ;
Peace, that ever shall endure ;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

A. Lætitia Barbould.

309

7.6.D.

‘ COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.’
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

'Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light,'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

'Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long ;
But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt ;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come to God with thee !

W. C. Dix..

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine !
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With brightest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He laboured for their good.

To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued ;
While humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done !'

Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear ;
Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share !

William Enfield.

311

L.M.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty !
 Hark ! All the tribes 'Hosanna' cry !
 O King of love, pursue thy road,
 With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
 The wingèd squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain ;
 Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign !

H. H. Milman.

312

L.M.

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
 Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
 Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
 'O Father, take this cup away !'

Ah, thou who sorrowest unto death,
 We conquer in thy mortal fray ;
 And earth, for all her children, saith,
 'O God, take not this cup away !'

O Lord of sorrow, meekly die :

Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe,
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls, arise !

None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth, the cross ascend !

O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne ;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;

Make but one fold below, above ;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

James Martineau.

313

L.M.

O SUFFERING friend of human kind,
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear !

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
 As the dark vision o'er it came ;
 And though in sinless strength arrayed,
 Turn shuddering from the death of shame ?
 Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
 May we our Father's call obey ;
 Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
 And rise through death to endless day !
S. G. Bulfinch.

314 X

7s.

WHEN my love to God grows weak,
 When for deeper faith I seek,
 Then in thought I go to thee,
 Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,
 While the lingering twilight fades ;—
 See that suffering friendless One
 Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
 When for stronger faith I seek,
 Hill of Calvary, I go
 To thy scenes of fear and woe ;—

There behold his agony
 Suffered on the bitter tree ;
 See his anguish, see his faith,
 Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford & S. Longfellow.

315 ✕

8.5.8.3.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress?
'Come to me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
Be at rest.'

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
'In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.'

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety:
But of thorns.'

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
'Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

If I ask him to receive me
Will he say me nay?
'Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!'

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes!'

Stephen the Sabaites, tr. J. M. Neale.

316 X

108.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe;—

We look to thee; thy Truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes, thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

317

7s.

GOD of Jesus, hear me now
 Take the meek disciple's vow
 Thou so good, so true, so kind,
 Fill me with his holy mind.

Plant, and root, and fix in me
 Trust, as of a child, in thee ;
 Settled peace I then shall find ;
 Give me, Lord, his quiet mind.

I shall suffer and fulfil
 All my Father's gracious will,
 Be in all alike resigned ;
 Give me, Lord, his patient mind.

When his faith is rooted here,
 Perfect love shall cast out fear ;
 Fear doth servile spirits bind ;
 Give me, Lord, his noble mind.

Lowly, loving, meek and pure,
 May I to the end endure,
 Be no more to ill inclined !
 Give me, Lord, his constant mind.

*Charles Wesley.**

318

7s.

FATHER, at thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in thee ;
 Each to each unite, and bless ;
 Keep us in thy perfect peace.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

Plant in us the humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind :
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Lord of our supreme desire,
Fill us now with heavenly fire :
Nobly may we bear the strife,
Keep the holiness, of life ;

Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind ;
To the mark unwearied press,—
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Father, fill us with thy love ;
Never from our souls remove :
Dwell with us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

*Charles Wesley.**

319

8.7.

JESUS, by thy simple beauty,
By thy depth of love unknown,
We are drawn to earnest duty,
We come near the Father's throne.

When we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Stars of hope across the ages,
Rise in glory on our view.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

Faith and hope and love shine o'er us,
Make our daily lives divine ;
Friend and Brother gone before us,
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.

Thanks for ever, heavenly Father,
That when human eyes grow dim,
And when shadows darkly gather,
Shines a holy light through him.

Anon.

320

7.6.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward we will tread
With Jesus as our Brother,
With Jesus as our Head !

O happy if we labour,
As Jesus did for men !
O happy if we hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

The cross he daily carried,
We carry in his love ;
The crown of life he weareth,
We, too, shall wear above.

The trials that beset us,
The sorrows we endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

What are they all but jewels
· Of true celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize !

*J. M. Neale.**

321

C.M.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do—
In faith and trust to follow him
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on his almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be—
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do
If we but do our best.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright ;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

W. Gaskell.

322

C.M.

O UR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be ?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We fill no graven stone ;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thine own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude ;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good !

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise,—
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience, praise !

J. G. Whittier.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round,
 Of circling planets singing on their way ;
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day ;
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
 Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
 The brothers of thy well-beloved Son ;
 Descend, O holy Spirit, like a dove,
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
 As one with thee, to whom we ever tend ;
 As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair ;
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer ;
 One in the power that makes thy children free
 To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
 Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine !
 Our inspiration be thy constant word :

We ask no victories that are not thine.
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,—
 Enough to know that we are serving thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full, X
 For ever flowing free,
 For ever shared, for ever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the Name
 All other names above !
 Love only knoweth whence it came,
 And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down :
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he ;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

O Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine.

J. G. Whittier.

325

108.

POUR, blessèd Gospel, glorious news for man !
 Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll :
 Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
 And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.
 On, piercing Gospel, on ! Of every heart,
 In every latitude, thou own'st the key ;
 From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
 With all their treasures first unlocked by thee.
 Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread,
 With all the civil virtues in thy train !
 Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;
 And Christ, the true emancipator, reign !
 Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings !
 Gather thy scattered ones from every land ;
 Call home the wanderers to the King of kings :
 Proclaim them all thine own ;—'tis his command !

*T. A. Ashworth.**

326

78.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace !
 Jesus' love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day ;
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above!
Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour
All the spirit of thy love!

*Charles Wesley.**

327

L.M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

Be darkness at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptise the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every kindred call thee Lord!

*J. Montgomery.**

328

L.M.

O H, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right !
And, step by step, since time began
We see the steady gain of man ;—

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and wonders manifold ;
We need but open eye and ear,
To see God's mysteries always here.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

*J. G. Whittier.**

329

C.M.

FORTH went the heralds of the cross,
No dangers made them pause ;
They counted all the world but loss
For their great Master's cause.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Through looks of fire and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod ;
And, to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God.

Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,
Love changed to cruel hate,
And home to them was home no more ;
Yet mourned they not their fate.

In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight ;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.

They knew to whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt his word ;
Before them beamed the light of heaven —
The presence of their Lord.

W. Gaskell.

330

C.M.

ETERNAL Life, whose love divine
Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than thine,
We heed no other call.

Oh, may we serve in thought and deed
Thy kingdom yet to be,
Till Truth and Righteousness and Love
Shall lead all souls to thee !

Emma E. Marcan.

331

C.M.

THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
 Strange friend of human kind,
 Seeking through weary years a rest
 Within our hearts to find ;—

How late thy bright and awful brow
 Breaks through these clouds of sin :
 Hail, Truth divine, we know thee now,
 Angel of God, come in !

Come, though with purifying fire
 And swift dividing sword,
 Thou, of all nations the desire !
 Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
 Let old oppressions die ;
 Before thy cloudless countenance
 Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace
 To see, as not before,
 Our Father in our brother's face,
 Our Maker in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day ;
 Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
 Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
 And Love be all in all !

Eliza Scudder.

SPIRIT of Truth ! Our fathers reared
 Thy temple, stone by stone,
 Till o'er its holiest shrine appeared,—
 'Glory to God alone.'

And through each lingering age, while death
 Dispersed the faithful band,
 They nobly passed, with parting breath,
 Thy torch from hand to hand.

But now, around the temple walls
 Thy girded servants throng,
 On watching eyes the daybreak falls,
 No plaint is heard, 'How long ?'

For see, the broadening light fulfils
 Our waiting hearts' desire,
 It pales our watch-fires on the hills,
 We tune the silent lyre.

Spirit divine, the slumbrous world,
 With heavy eyes unsealed,
 Will wake to find thy flag unfurled,
 Thy host command the field.

Thy watchwords pass from soul to soul,
 Thy conquests none can stay ;
 Earth's noblest seek the shining goal
 Of thy triumphant sway.

A. Chalmers.

333

L.M.

BLEST be the light that shows the way,
And blest the way the light has shown ;
We welcome now the brighter day,
And every faithless fear disown.

A tyrant God,—the soul's despair,—
No more beclouds our earthly lives ;
The heavens are wide, and room is there
For every soul that upward strives.

In love to God and love to man
Our simple creed finds ample scope ;
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

Then vanish, spectres of the night,
That once enthralled the darkened soul :
Our watchword be the inward light,
The onward march, the endless goal !

F. H. Hedge.

334

L.M.

OUT of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the full day here,
But, cheered, we mark the paling night.

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Look backward, how much has been won!

Look round, how much is yet to win!

The watches of the night are done ;

The watches of the day begin.

O thou, whose mighty patience holds

The night and day alike in view,

Thy will our dearest hope enfolds :

O keep us steadfast, patient, true !

S. Longfellow.

335

C.M.

WHEN courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,

Hold fast thy loyalty, and know

That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath

To work her will and ways,

And even human scorn and wrath

God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lowly be,

In heavenly might secure ;

With her is pledge of victory,

And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,

Nor battle to the strong,

When dawn her judgment-days that sift

The claims of right and wrong.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph song.

F. L. Hosmer.

336

C.M.

WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour,
When God shall ope the morning gate
By his almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

And even now, amid the grey
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine.

O guide us till our night be done—
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

J. M. Neale & S. Longfellow.

337 X

C.M.

OH it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Thrice blest is he, to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul ;
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part !

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

338 X

C.M.

CITY OF God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent ;
One faith and work, one harvest song,
One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth ;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray ;
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

S. Johnson.

339

6s.

○ THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price ;
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
Where in his steps we tread,
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are ;—
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. Palgrave.

AND is the time approaching
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One Shepherd and one fold ?
 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore ?

Shall all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day ?
 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union
 In a blest land of love ?

O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray !
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away ?
 Oh, sweet anticipation !
 It cheers the watchers on
 To pray, and hope, and labour
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
 Let it come with living power ;
 Speak at length the final word,
 Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old
 In the deepest hearts of men,
 When thy martyrs died for thee,
 Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
 Let them from their place be hurled ;
 Enter on thy better reign,
 Wear the crown of this poor world.

Oh, what long, sad years have gone
 Since thy Church was taught this prayer !
 Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
 For the dawning everywhere !

Break, triumphant day of God,
 Break at last, our hearts to cheer !
 Throbbing souls and holy songs
 Wait to hail thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
 May they all for God be won ;
 And by every living soul,
 Father, let thy will be done !

J. Page Hopps.

342

S.M.

COME, kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love !
 Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
 Extend thy healing reign ;
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst
 That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
 And make the broad earth thine !
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
 That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;
 And in its shade like brothers rest,
 Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God !
 And raise thy glorious throne
 In worlds by the undying trod,
 Where God shall bless his own.

J. Johns.

343

C.M.

OUR God ! Our God ! Thou shinest here,
 Thine own this latter day ;
 To us thy radiant steps appear ;
 We watch thy glorious way.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy spirit and thy word.

Pour down thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell ;
Again thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell.

Bear us aloft more glad, more strong,
On thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

He draweth near, he standeth by ;
He fills our eyes, our ears ;
Come, King of Grace, thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years !

T. H. Gill.

344

C M.

THY kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man ;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign :—

The kingdom of established peace
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love !

Charles Wesley.

345

C.M.

THY kingdom come,—on bended knee
 The passing ages pray ;
 And faithful souls have yearned to see
 On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
 Not less to God belong,
 And for the everlasting Right
 The silent stars are strong.

And lo, already on the hills
 The flags of dawn appear ;
 Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
 Proclaim the day is near :—

The day in whose clear-shining light
 All wrong shall stand revealed,
 When justice shall be clothed with might,
 And every hurt be healed :

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
 Shall walk the earth abroad,—
 The day of perfect righteousness,
 The promised day of God.

F. L. Hosmer.

346

C.M.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow ;
 His footsteps cannot err :
 Before him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal mén.

Rise, Lord, judge thou the earth in might ;
This longing earth redress ;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

The nations all, whom thou hast made,
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done :
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

John Milton, alt. James Martineau.

347

7s.

ALL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind ;
All before us is the day ;
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told
But a glowing prophecy.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The true Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound ;
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden-days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee ;
Strife, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

Eliza T. Clapp.

348

L.M.

THESE things shall be : a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng,
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die ;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

J. A. Symonds.

349

C.M.

O H, still, in accents sweet and strong,
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
' More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord ! '

We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown ;
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strewn.

O thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come,
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

S. Longfellow.

350

4.10.10 10.4.

COME, labour on :
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
‘Go, work to-day’?

Come, labour on :
The labourers are few, the field is wide ;
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied ;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, ‘Come!’

Come, labour on :
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away ;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not.

Come, labour on :
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Come, labour on :

No time for rest,—till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
 'Servants, well done !'

Come, labour on :

The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure ;
Blessèd are those who to the end endure.
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
 O Lord, with thee !

Jane Borthwick.

351

L.M.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
 O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
 Benighted, in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
 In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
 Hear not the message sent from thee !

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
 The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
 Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes,—a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,—
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

352

75.

OFt in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life !

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad,
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Onward then to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

*H. Kirke White.**

ARM, soldiers of the Lord !
The fight is set with wrong ;
Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword,
And sing your battle song.

Stand fast for Love, your Lord,
Faith be your mighty shield,
And let the spirit's burning sword
Flash foremost in the field.

Truth be your girdle strong ;
And Hope your helmet shine
Whene'er the battle seems too long,
And wearied hearts repine.

With news of gospel Peace
Let your swift feet be shod ;
Your breastplate be the Righteousness
That keeps the heart for God.

And for the weary day,
And for the slothful arm,
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.

'From strength to strength,' your cry ;
Your battlefield the world ;
Strike home, and press where Christ your Lord
His banner has unfurled.

Stopford A. Brooke.

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
 Has brought us here before thy face,
 Our spirits wait for thy command,
 Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Our spirits lay their noblest powers
 As offerings, on thy holy shrine ;
 Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
 The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
 We saw thine angels round us move ;
 We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
 And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now, with hymn and prayer, we stand
 To give our strength to thee, great God !
 We would redeem thy holy land,
 That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
 Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;
 Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
 And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray,
 Be thy pure angels with us still ;
 Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
 Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

‘**F**ORWARD!’ be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined ;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind ;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army’s head ;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By the Father led !
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight ;
 Jordan flows before us,
 Zion beams with light !

Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind ;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind ;
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace ;
 Faint not, till around us
 Gleams the Father’s face.
 Forward, all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height :
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Forward, haste the kingdom
Of our God on earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth ;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward, through the darkness,
Forward into light !

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared ;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright,—
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight !

Henry Alford.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !
 Gird you with your armour bright ;
 Mighty are your enemies,
 Hard the battle ye must fight.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,
 Strangers to the living word,
 Let the Master's herald go,
 Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
 Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
 Where are crimes of blackest die,
 There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
 Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
 To the outcast and forlorn
 Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
 Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
 In the might of God arrayed,
 Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,
 Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
 Till the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdom of the Lord !

W. Walsham How.

357

7s.

GRACIOUS Father, hear our prayer,
 Leave us not, lest we despair;
 Let thine arm our safeguard be,
 Hear the prayer we raise to thee;—
 God of power, and God of might,
 Shield thy servants in the fight!

Soldiers of the Cross, we stand
 Armed for battle by thine hand;
 Rock of strength, to thee we fly;
 Hide us in adversity.
 God of power, and God of might,
 Shield thy servants in the fight!

Lasting are thy mercies, Lord;
 Truth eternal is thy word;
 Justice is thy awful throne,
 Yet thou reign'st by love alone.
 God of power, and God of might,
 Shield thy servants in the fight!

Let the glorious heavens sing,
 'Alleluia to our King!'
 Earth and seas, repeat the word;
 Men and angels, praise the Lord!
 O Defender of the right,
 Shield thy servants in the fight!

Christian Hymns.

COME, let us join with faithful souls
 Our song of faith to sing,
 One brotherhood in heart are we,
 And one our Lord and King.

Faithful are all who love the truth
 And dare the truth to tell,
 Who steadfast stand at God's right hand,
 And strive to serve him well.

And faithful are the gentle hearts,
 To whom the power is given
 Of every hearth to make a home,
 Of every home a heaven.

O mighty host ! No tongue can tell
 The numbers of its throng ;
 No words can sound the music vast
 Of its grand battle-song.

From step to step it wins its way
 Against a world of sin ;
 Part of the battle-field is won,
 And part is yet to win.

O Lord of hosts, our faith renew,
 And grant us, in thy love,
 To sing the songs of victory
 With faithful souls above.

W. G. Tarrant.

359

✕

6.5.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 Looking unto Jesus
 Who is gone before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle,
 See his banners go !
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 Looking unto Jesus
 Who is gone before.

At our songs of triumph
 Sin and sorrow flee,
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory !
 Heaven itself is listening
 To our hymns of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God—
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

May we not divided,
But united be ;
One in faith and duty,
One in charity.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
'Glory, praise, and honour
Unto God our King !'
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

*S. Baring-Gould.**

360

7s.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty !

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined ;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind :

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good ;

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back !

Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty !

S. Johnson.

361

C.M.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page,
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

O living Church, thine errand speed ;
Fulfil thy task sublime ;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time !

S. Longfellow.

362

8.6.8.6.8.8.

O SING with loud and joyful song,
The seers of every name !
O sing the prophets high and true,
And saints of sacred fame !
From age to age their voice is heard,
One solemn cry, one living word.

They came, the Lord's anointed ones,
To every age and shore ;
And ever-blessèd tidings brought,
And holy witness bore ;
Witness of Love's celestial light,
Of duty and eternal right.

Oh, thanks that all the ages down
The same love is outpoured !
Oh, thanks that every prophet-voice
Proclaims one truth, one Lord !
O holy throng, ye show the store
Of endless life from more to more.

J. V. Blake.

363

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

WE come unto our fathers' God,
 Their rock is our salvation ;
 The eternal arms, their dear abode,
 We make our habitation.
 We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
 We seek thee, as thy saints have sought
 In every generation.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
 Their song to us descendeth ;
 The Spirit who in them did sing
 To us his music lendeth.
 His song in them, in us, is one ;
 We raise it high, we send it on,
 The song that never endeth.

Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
 The same sweet theme endeavour ;
 Unbroken be the golden chain ;
 Keep on the song for ever.
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver !

T. H. Gill.

GOD of ages and of nations,
 Every race and every time
 Hath received thine inspirations,
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
 Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
 Passed the mystic veil within ;
 Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,
 Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
 Truth in growing clearness saw ;
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,
 Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
 While thine inward revelations
 Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
 Prophets to the guilty nations
 Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;
 Revelation is not sealed ;
 Answering now to our endeavour,
 Truth and Right are still revealed.
 That which came to ancient sages—
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew—
 Written in the heart's deep pages,
 Shines to-day, for ever new.

S. Longfellow.

OUR Father, while our hearts unlearn
 The creeds that wrong thy name,
 Still let our hallowed altars burn
 With faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning gleams of wrath
 Our souls thy face shall see ;
 The star of Love must light the path
 That leads to heaven and thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
 Through every darkening stain
 That clouds his sacred image still,
 And see him once again,—

The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
 Who weeps for human woes,
 Whose pleading words of pardon blend
 With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
 Our hearts grow faint and cold,
 The strength we cannot live without
 Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept ; our sins forgive ;
 Our youthful zeal renew ;
 Shape for us holier lives to live,
 And nobler work to do.

O. W. Holmes.

THE God, that to the fathers
 Revealed his holy will,
 Has not the world forsaken ;
 He's with the children still.
 Then envy not the twilight
 That glimmered on their way ;
 Look up and see the dawning
 That broadens into day.

'Twas but far off in vision
 The fathers' eyes could see
 The glory of the kingdom,—
 The better time to be.
 To-day we see fulfilling
 The dreams they dreamt of old ;
 While nearer, ever nearer,
 Rolls on the age of gold.

Where once were walled divisions
 Built up of form and creed,
 Now blossom fragrant flowers
 Of loving thought and deed,
 With trust in God's free spirit,—
 The ever-broadening ray
 Of truth, that shines to guide us
 Along our forward way.

Minot J. Savage.

367

8.7.8.7.4.7.

EVERLASTING ! Changing never !
Of one strength, no more, no less
Thine almightiness for ever,
All the same thy holiness !
In all fulness
Thou all glory dost possess.

But we weaklings, but we sinners,
Would not in our weakness stay ;
Of more glory make us winners ;
Lead us on along thy way,
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day.

By thy truth, how faintly spoken ;
By thy will, how slackly done ;
By each idol still unbroken ;
By each spirit still unwon—
Hear us, hear us !
Our Almighty, help us on !

Give thy people to inherit
Births of grace with thee upstored,
Fuller breathings of thy Spirit,
Fuller openings of thy Word ;
Make us meeter
To embrace our coming Lord !

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

'Make our own a nobler story
Than was ever writ before ;
Stay not then :—show forth thy glory
In our after-comers more ;
Everlasting,
Fuller grace incessant pour !

T. H. Gill.

368

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing ;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe ;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

God's word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth ;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also ;
The body they may kill ;
God's truth abideth still ;
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther : tr. F. H. Hedge.

369

8s.

FAITH of our fathers, living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
 Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free;
 And blest would be their children's fate,
 Though they, like them, should die for thee.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers, God's great power
 Shall soon all nations win for thee;
 And through the truth that comes from God
 Mankind shall then be truly free.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers, we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death!

F. W. Faber.

370 ×

8.7.

OUR fathers' faith, we'll sing of thee,
Dear faith, which still we cherish :
Nor may their children's children see.

That faith decay and perish :

'Tis faith in God, 'tis faith in man,
'Tis faith in truth and beauty,
In freedom's might, and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty.

We may not think our fathers' thought ;
Their creeds our lips may alter ;
But in the faith they dearly bought,
Our hearts shall never falter.

Oh, may that faith our hearts inspire
To earnest thought and labour ;
That we may share its heavenly fire
With every friend and neighbour :—

This faith in God, and faith in man,
This faith in truth and beauty,
In freedom's might, and reason's right,
And all-controlling duty !

J. W. Chadwick.

371

S.M.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

THE CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF GOD

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And yearned for thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy holy spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Richard Mant.

372

8.8.6.D.

O FT, as we run the weary way
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind, we cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond where sense can scan ;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and man.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

Who, from the battlements above,
Follow our course with eager love,
And cheer our contest on ;
Who cry at every faithful blow,
Struck at the old usurping foe,—
‘ Servant of God, well done ! ’

And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and Perfecter of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

Therefore with patience run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
With cheerful hope and power ;
Cast off the sin that checks our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,—
Withstand the evil hour !

For heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road :
And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud alleluias shall be sung
To welcome us to God !

S. A. Brooke.

373

C.M.

THE faithful men of every land
 Who Christ's own rule obey,
 The holy dead of every time,
 The Church of Christ are they ;
 The saints who die and leave us now,
 The good of long ago,
 Women and men and children young,
 Still living here below,—

Who have the same eternal hope,
 The same unceasing care,
 One universal hymn of praise,
 One general voice of prayer.

Since we are members, then, of Christ,
 How holy should we be !
 How grow in likeness to our Head,
 In truth and purity !

Since we are all made one in him,
 How gentle should we prove ;
 How peaceful in our ways and words ;
 How tender in our love !

So shall the spirit of our Lord
 Dwell in his members blest,
 So lead us in his church on earth
 Safe to his church at rest.

C. Frances Alexander.

THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
 And green, along the ocean-side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died ;
 But show me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth, where thy nameless martyrs rest :—

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days,
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take ;
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Have bowed their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth ? By no proud stone
 Their narrow cell of rest is known ;
 The still, sad glory of their name
 Hallows no fountain unto fame ;
 No, not a tree the record bears
 Of their deep thoughts and lowly prayers.

Yet, what if no light footstep there
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
 And the old woods and sounding waves
 Are silent of those hidden graves ?
 They sleep in secret, but their sod,
 Unknown to man, is marked of God.

Felicia D. Hemans.

375

6.6.8.6.8.8.

FRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
 Where friends shall part no more,—
 A whole eternity of love,
 When time's short day is o'er ;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light,

*J. Montgomery.**

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
 Think they of their brethren more ?
 They before the throne who bow,
 Feel they for their brethren now ?

Yea, the holy dead have still
 Part in all our joy and ill ;
 One in heart, and one in love,
 We below and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
 Many mountains, many tides,
 Have they with each other part ?
 Have they fellowship in heart ?

Each to each may be unknown,
 Wide apart their lots be thrown ;
 Differing tongues their lips may speak,
 One be strong, and one be weak ;

Yet in tear and sigh and prayer,
 Each with other hath a share ;
 With each other join they here
 In affliction, doubt, and fear.

So with them our hearts we raise,
 Share their work and join their praise ;
 Blessèd pledge that we shall be
 Joined, O Lord, in bliss with thee.

J. M. Neale.

377 X

L.M.

GOD giveth quietness at last ;
 The common way once more is passed,
 From pleading tears and lingerings fond
 To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
 Dear ones familiar with the place ;
 While to the gentle greetings there
 We answer here with murmured prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed ?
 What hear the ears that death hath sealed ?
 What undreamed beauty, passing show,
 Requites the loss of all we know ?

O Silent Land to which we move !
 Enough if there alone be love,
 And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
 What it is waiting to bestow.

O white souls, from that far-off shore,
 Float some sweet song the waters o'er ;
 Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
 With the dear voice we loved so well !

*J. G. Whittier.**

378

C.M.

THE saints on earth and those above
 But one communion make ;
 Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lo, thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

O God, be thou our constant guide :
Then, when thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

379 X

8.7.

FATHER, when my life is over,
And I stand upon the shore,
With the dear world all behind me,
And eternity before,
In that ocean, O my Father,
Must I plunge for evermore ?

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

Father, life is sweet, and sweeter
Is the sense that I am thine ;
Can the love I bear thee perish,
Or can space that love confine ?
If my soul can die and lose thee,
How, Eternal, art thou mine ?

Could a finite thing, created
In the bounds of time and space,
Live and grow and learn to love thee,
Catch the glory of thy face,
Fade and die, be gone for ever,
Have no being, know no place ?

No ! My soul will not believe it,
Thou'rt in me, and I in thee ;
I will listen to the message
That my own soul brings to me,
Shamed that Faith should ask a token,
Doubt her own eternity.

When that ocean closes round me,
Let what will, O Lord, betide,
Though the dear world fade behind me,
Thou wilt guard me, thou wilt guide ;
Thou wilt still be with me, Father,—
With me on the Other Side !

Ellen Bibby.

380

C.M.

X I LONG for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long ;
 But God hath led my dear ones on,
 And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed he will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar ;
 No harm from him can come to me,
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air ;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond his love and care.

J. G. Whittier.

381

C.M.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
 Who walk with me no more :
 Along the path of life I tread
 They have but gone before.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

The Father's house is mansioned fair
 , Beyond my vision dim ;
All souls are his and, here or there,
 Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
 Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me,
 And met me face to face.

Their lives are made for ever mine ;
 What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
 Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
 Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to Love to keep
 Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

382 X

C.M.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
 It melts in deeper gloom ;
So calm the righteous sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo, above the dews of night
The vesper star appears !
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore ;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

W. B. O. Peabody.

383 X

L.M.

O DEEM not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep :
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

384

8s.

I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,—
'Our beauties are but for a day !'

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,—
'Our days of light are numbered !'

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee !

Reginald Heber.

385

7.6.7.6.7.7.

WHEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known ?
Shall I vainly seek mine own ?

Can the bonds, that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal ?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Lucy Larcom.

WHEN the day of toil is done,
 When the race of life is run,
 Father, grant thy wearied one
 Rest for evermore.

When the strife of sin is stilled,
 When the foe within is killed,
 Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
 Peace for evermore.

When the darkness melts away
 At the breaking of thy day,
 Bid us hail the cheering ray—
 Light for evermore.

When the heart, by sorrow tried,
 Feels at length its throbs subside,
 Grant us, where all tears are dried,
 Joy for evermore.

When for vanished days we yearn,
 Days that never can return,
 Teach us in thy love to learn
 Love for evermore.

When the breath of life is flown,
 When the grave must claim its own,
 Lord of life, be ours thy crown—
 Life for evermore.

J. Ellerton.

‘FOR ever with the Lord!’
 Amen ; so let it be !
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 ‘Tis immortality !

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day’s march nearer home.

‘ For ever with the Lord ! ’
 Father, if ’tis thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E’en here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail ;
 Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;
 Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,—
 ‘ For ever with the Lord ! ’

J. Montgomery.

LOWLY and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine !
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owing that life and death
 Alike are thine.

O Father, in that hour
 When earth all succouring power
 Shall disavow ;
 When spear and shield and crown
 In faintness are cast down ;
 Sustain us, thou !

By him who bowed to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod,—
 From whom the last dismay
 Was not to pass away,—
 Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on thee to save,
 Father divine !
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 Keep us in life and death,
 Thine, only thine !

Felicia D. Hemans.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
 Unveiled thy whole creation lies !
 All souls are thine,—we must not say
 That those are dead who pass away ;
 From this our world of sense set free,
 We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
 With thee is hidden still their life ;
 Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,—
 All thine, and yet most truly ours ;
 For well we know, where'er they be,
 Our dead are living unto thee :

Not spilt like water on the ground,
 Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
 Not wandering in unknown despair,
 Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;
 Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
 Not dead, but living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
 O Holder of the keys of death,
 O Giver of the life within,
 Save us from death, the death of sin ;
 That body, soul, and spirit be
 For ever living unto thee !

J. Ellerton.

DREAM not that death shall conquer all !
 Let not thy spirit faint ;
 Nor waste thy strength of inward life
 In wailing and complaint.
 The love of God, the strength of right,
 Truth's visions fair and high,
 The mighty progress of the good,—
 Shall never, never die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
 That stirred our hearts in youth,
 The impulse to a wordless prayer,
 The dreams of love and truth,
 The longings for some higher good,
 The spirit's earnest cry,
 The strivings after better hopes,—
 Shall never, never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
 A brother in his need,
 The tender word in grief's dark hour
 That proves a friend indeed,
 The plea for mercy kindly breathed
 When justice threatens nigh,
 The sorrow of a contrite heart,—
 Shall never, never die.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

Then fear not death, but every hour
Find some good work to do ;
Lose not a chance to waken love ;
Be firm and just and true :
So shall a light, that cannot fade,
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
' These things shall never die.'

Anon.

391

C.M.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky !
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas, must die.

Sweet Rose, in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye !
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas, must die.

Sweet Spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie !
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas, must die.

Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly :
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It lives, and cannot die !

*George Herbert.**

THE world may change from old to new,
 From new to old again ;
 Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
 Within man's heart remain.
 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
 The struggles of the strong,
 Are steps towards some happy goal,
 The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
 The man to sow the seed ;
 Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
 But prompts again to deed.
 And ere upon the old man's dust
 The grass is seen to wave,
 We look through falling tears,—to trust
 Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh, no ! It is no flattering lure,
 No fancy weak or fond,
 When hope would bid us rest secure
 In better life beyond.
 Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
 Her promise may gainsay ;
 The voice divine hath spoke within,
 And God did ne'er betray.

Sarah F. Adams, after Schiller.

I T singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call ;
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down :
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
 When we are troubled sore !
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Though they are here no more !

More homelike seems the vast Unknown,
 Since they have entered there ;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare ;
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore ;
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
 Our God, for evermore.

J. W. Chadwick.

394

11.10.

COME unto me when shadows darkly gather,
 When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
 Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father :
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were
 taken,
 When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
 When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
 Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are
 crowned :—

Large are the mansions in the Father's dwelling ;
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling ;
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed ;
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Esling.

395

11.4.

WITH silence only as their benediction,
 God's angels come
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth—
 ‘Our Father’s will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
 Is mercy still.’

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
 The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What he hath given ;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
 As in his heaven.

J. G. Whittier.

396

6.5.

HAND in hand with angels
 Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
 Than we blind ones know.

Tenderer voices cheer us
 Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
 Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,
 Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
 Into paths of light.

DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

Hand in hand with angels
Walking every day ;
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say :

Yet in truth it reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

*Lucy Larcom.**

397

7s.

C HILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing :
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; lo, we stand
On the borders of our land :
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on !

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

J. Cennick.

N EED it is we raise our eyes
 Up from earth towards the skies,
 Thinking of the souls that rest
 In the mansions of the blest ;
 Lest we faint in our distress,
 Through exceeding heaviness.

Thee in them, O Lord most high,
 Them in thee we glorify :—
 Noble athletes, that went home
 Through the sea of martyrdom,
 And the saints, through toil and shame,
 Brave confessors of thy name.

Glory, Lord, to thee alone,
 Who hast glorified thine own ;
 For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
 Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
 Faithful lips and fearless breast,
 Love and beauty, toils and rest !

Let their praises, heavenly King,
 Let the blessed hymn they sing,
 Some, though faintest, echo gain
 In our own poor broken strain ;
 Till one day shall join all powers
 In one anthem,—theirs and ours.

J. M. Neale.

399

11.10.

HARK! Hark, my soul! Angelic songs are
swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;'
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at
last.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love !

*F. W. Faber.**

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night :

One the light of God's own presence,
 O'er his ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one ;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore !

B. S. Ingemann : tr. S. Baring Gould.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING

401

L.M.

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light ;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.

Yet, whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights, 'tis thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God, we cry for thee !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore !

F. T. Palgrave.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise,
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 ✱ New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we need to ask,—
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
 From toil and trouble free ;
 Hail, day of light, that bringest light
 And joy to me !

A holy stillness, breathing calm
 On all the world around,
 Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
 Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard
 As weekly labours cease ;
 No voice, but those that sweetly sing
 Sweet songs of peace.

I hear the organ loudly peal,
 And soaring voices raise
 To thee, their great Creator, hymns
 Of deathless praise.

All earthly things appear to fade,
 As, rising high and higher,
 The yearning voices strive to join
 The heavenly choir.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
 That thou this day hast given,
 Sweet foretaste of that endless day
 Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring.

404

7s.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
 Risen with gladness in thy beams !
 Light which not of earth is born
 From thy dawn in glory streams.

Sad and weary were our way,
 Fainting oft beneath our load,
 But for thee, thou blessèd day,
 Resting-place on life's rough road.

Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
 Of this day of God will cease ;
 Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
 Vanish soon the hours of peace.

But the rest that yet remains
 For thy children, Lord, above,
 Knows no change, nor fears, nor pains,
 Endless as their Father's love.

*Julia A. Elliott.**

405

L.M.

NOW with creation's morning song
 Let us, as children of the day,
 With wakened heart and purpose strong,
 The works of darkness cast away.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
 Its own sweet calm in us instil,—
 A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
 Simplicity of word and will !

MORNING

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein,—
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God, in love to thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, thee in all to know.

Breviary : tr. E. Caswall, alt. S. Longfellow.

406

7s.

NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come,
Lord, may we be thine to-day ;
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Samson Occum.

407 X

L.M.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run !
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept
 And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 * Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above ;
 Praise him, my soul, for all his love !

*Thomas Ken.**

408

7s.

IN the morning I will raise
 To my God the voice of praise ;
 In the morning I will pray
 For his blessing on the day.

MORNING

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,—
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over each besetting sin.

Keep my feet from hidden snares,
Save me from o'erburdening cares,
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from ill defend.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light ;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

*W. H. Furness.**

409

C.M.

THINE is the night and thine the morn,
The sunshine after rain,
New life that comes to hearts forlorn
And kindles hope again.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take,
Perchance new burdens I may bear
To-day for love's sweet sake :

MORNING

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfil :

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby for others and for me
Eternal fruit may grow.

O thou, who day by day dost give
These wondrous gifts to me,
Help me for truth and love to live
And give my days to thee.

Anon.

410

S.M.

THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away !

This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

MORNING

This is the day of prayer :

Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :

Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Lord of life and death !

J. Ellerton.

411

L. M.

SPIRIT of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,—
On all thy servants let it flow.

Inflame our hearts with perfect love ;
In us the work of faith fulfil ;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth to do thy will.

Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

On thee we cast our care ; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need ;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.

John Wesley.

412

L.M.

A GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
 We gather in these hallowed walls ;
 And vesper-hymn and vesper-prayer
 Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
 Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
 And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
 Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light ! To thee we bow ;
 Within all shadows standest thou ;
 Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
 Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
 We cannot at the shrine remain ;
 But, in the spirit's secret cell,
 May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. Longfellow.

413

7s.

H EAVENLY Father, by whose care
 Comes again this hour of prayer,
 In the evening stillness we
 Grateful raise our hearts to thee ;
 To our spirits as we bend,
 Peace and holy comfort send.

EVENING

Gladly we thy presence seek ;
Father, to our spirits speak ;
Call us from the world away ;
Still our passions' reckless play ;
On our inner darkness shine ;
Bend our wayward will to thine.

In this quiet eventide,
May we all with thee abide,
Own thy presence, feel thy power,
Through this consecrated hour ;
And from peaceful vesper-prayer
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

T. Hincks.

414

S. M.

IT is the hour of prayer ;
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody.

O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

Thy love and tender care
Have led us on till now,
And gladly in the house of prayer
In gratitude we bow.

EVENING

Oh, blessèd is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high !
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh.

Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This peaceful hour of prayer.

Anon.

415

8.7.D.

NOW on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound ;
Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise :
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. Longfellow.

HARK, the evening call to prayer !
Lay we down each earthly care ;
Still we every anxious fear,
Owning thus that God is here.
Father, from our hearts remove
Every veil that hides thy love ;
Here the spirit's eye unseal ;
Here thy glory now reveal.

Lord, in whom our spirits live,
Thou dost heavenly guidance give ;
As a shepherd, leading still
Hearts submissive to thy will.
Quiet every passion wild ;
Speak as to thy prophet-child ;
Grant us child-like hearts, that we
May be willing, Lord, as he.

Send us holy calm within,
Cleanse us from the stains of sin ;
Be each heart a sacred shrine,—
Still and pure, and wholly thine.
Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,
May the holy flame aspire ;
Thoughts of love and contrite sighs
Be our vesper sacrifice.

T. Hincks.

SLOWLY, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
Is the working of thy will !

Mighty Maker, here am I ;
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth ;
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss—my heart.

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too ;
May the perfect peace of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my life attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

W. H. Furness.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise ;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Adelaide A. Procter.

419

75.

SOURCE of light and life divine,
 Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
 Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
 O'er thy new created earth.

Shade of night and morning ray
 Took from thee the name of day ;
 Now again the shades are nigh,
 Listen to thy children's cry !

May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
 Lose the way of heavenly rest ;
 May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
 Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
 Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
 Help us in our daily strife,
 Make us struggle into life.

*St. Gregory : tr. J. Chandler.**

420

9.8.

LORD, in this holy hour of even,
 By thine unfailing mercy blest,
 Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,
 And calmly on thy bosom rest.

Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,
 And smoothed the path beneath our feet ;
 Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,
 And made e'en toil and danger sweet.

EVENING

And if some cross thy will has sent us,
In which the good we see not now,
O God, may all thy mercies lent us
Constrain our souls in faith to bow.

O Lord, in thee we seek our gladness,
The fountain of our light thou art ;
In thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—
Thou Comfort of the wounded heart !

From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,
Thy love shall gild the shades of night ;
And midst the gloom, with thee beside us,
We'll rest in peace and wait the light.

T. Hincks.

421

10.4.

FATHER Supreme ! Thou high and holy One,
To thee we bow ;
Now, when the service of the day is done,
Devoutly, now.

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there ;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.

Night spreads her shade upon another day,
Forever past ;
So o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.

EVENING

Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
 With eye of love ;
And thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
 The hills above.

From age to age unchanging, still the same
 All-good thou art ;
Hallowed for ever be thy holy name
 In every heart.

Hymns of the Spirit.

422

108.

FATHER, again to thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,—
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

*J. Ellerton.**

THE day is past and over,
 All thanks, O Lord, to thee ;
 I pray that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be ;
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over,
 Its trials past and gone ;
 May every thought of evil
 Fade with the setting sun ;
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over,
 I raise my hymn to thee ;
 I pray thee now that peaceful
 My hours of rest may be ;
 O Father, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

Be thou my soul's preserver,
 For thou alone dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go ;
 O loving Father, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.

*Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale.**

FATHER, now the day is over,
 As the sun sinks in the west,
 Ere the night creep slowly round us,
 Ere soft slumber be our guest,
 Let us bless thee that to-day,
 Thou, O God, hast been our stay.

Lord, we need no earthly temple,
 For, where we thy love have found,
 All thy humblest creatures teach us,
 Where we are is holy ground ;
 Lord, we need no holier place
 Than where we thy love can trace.

For the love of friends we bless thee,
 Who to-day our joys have shared,
 Whose true hearts, spread out before us,
 Have thy love to us declared ;
 For each thought of truth and love
 They have echoed from above.

For the mystic band which binds us
 Each to each, and all to thee,
 And with all the past entwines us
 In the world's long harmony ;
 For each striving human soul
 Which is part of thy great whole.

EVENING

Pour thy Spirit, Lord, upon us,
Guard us in unconscious sleep ;
Be that Spirit ever with us
While death's slumbers o'er us creep ;
And our life's long journey past,
We are safe with thee at last.
Ellen Bibby.

425

8.7.

HOLIEST ! Breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal,

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

*J. Edmeston.**

426

8.7.

ON the dewy breath of even
 Thousand odours mingling rise,
 Borne like incense up to heaven,—
 Nature's evening sacrifice.

With her balmy offerings blending
 Let our glad thanksgivings be,
 To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
 Incense of our hearts to thee.

Thou, whose favours without number
 All our days with gladness bless,
 Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
 Guard our hours of helplessness.

Then, though conscious we are sleeping
 In the outer courts of death,
 Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
 Calm we rest in placid faith.

Lord, when life is closing round us,
 Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
 Let thy beams of love surround us,
 Let us know thee—feel thee near!

Julia A. Elliott.

427

105.

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

EVENING

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me !

I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil temptation's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Come then in light before my closing eyes !
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee :

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*H. F. Lyte.**

428

7s.

FATHER, now our prayer is said,
Lay thy hand upon our head ;
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But we know that love will stay.
While we sleep it will be near ;
We shall wake and find it here ;
We shall feel it in the air,
When we say our morning prayer.

EVENING

And when things are sad and wrong,
Then we know that love is strong ;
When we ache, or when we weep,
Then we know that love is deep.

Love is old, and love is new ;
Love outlasteth firm and true ;
May our love for ever be
Perfected, O Lord, in thee.

*W. B. Rands.**

429

9.8.

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest ;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank thee that thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

EVENING

So be it, Lord ; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

J. Ellerton.

430

L.M.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep-me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings !

The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,—
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake !

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him, ye heavenly hosts above ;
Praise him, my soul, for all his love !

*Thomas Ken.**

SOFTLY the silent night
 Falleth from God,
 On weary wanderers
 Over life's road ;
 And as the stars on high
 Light up the darkening sky,
 Lord, unto thee we cry,—
 Father above !

Slowly on failing wing
 Daylight has passed ;
 Sleep, like an angel kind,
 Folds us at last.
 Peace be our lot this night,
 Safe be our slumber light,
 Watched by thy angels bright,
 Father above !

And when the gleam of morn
 Touches our eyes,
 And the returning day
 Bids us arise,—
 Happy beneath thy will,
 Steadfast in joy or ill,
 Lord, may we serve thee still,
 Father above !

A. N. Blatchford.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night ;
 May thy angel-guard defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

When we in the morn awaken,
 Guide us thy way ;
 Keep our love and truth unshaken
 In work and play ;
 In our daily task be near us,
 In temptation keep and hear us,
 And with holy counsel cheer us,
 The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 Till life is o'er,
 And its tumult, stress, and weeping,
 Disturb no more.
 When the last dark storm shall meet us,
 Let not foes or fears defeat us,
 But with light eternal greet us
 On heaven's blest shore.

Reginald Heber (ver. 1).

WHILE sinks our land to realms of night,
 And twilight skies grow dim,
 We raise again with joyful hearts
 Our parting evening hymn.

We bless thee for the warm, rich glow
 Of this our hallowed day,
 And for the love that year by year
 Shines o'er our onward way ;

For holy thoughts, and helpful words,
 And deeds of kindness wrought,
 For gentle whispers of reproof,
 And lessons sweetly taught ;

For sacred memories of the dead,
 Who here have learnt the song,
 Which now they sing around thy throne
 In chorus sweet and long.

And now, O Father, from on high
 List to our evening prayer,
 Shed o'er our hearts a blissful calm,
 And keep us in thy care.

And when again our earth moves round
 To greet another day,
 May we arise with newborn strength
 To live as now we pray.

Janet S. Pattinson.

SUN of my soul, for ever near,
It is not night, if thou be here ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes !

When round thy wondrous works below,
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble

NIGHT clouds around us silently are stealing,
 Faint fall the sounds of daily toil and care ;
 And holy thoughts, like far bells softly pealing,
 Solemnly whisper 'tis the time for prayer.
 O Lord of life, thou hast us in thy keeping,
 Thy love abides alike by night and day ;
 Strength of the helpless, guard thy children
 sleeping,
 Ere morrow's dawn shall cheer us with its ray.

Peaceful the hours, while stars above are beaming,
 That constant keep their glowing watch on high,
 And, o'er a weary world so gently gleaming,
 Tell of a Providence for ever nigh.

Ill can alarm no hearts in God confiding,
 Sure stands the truth of that eternal word ;
 And light, that fades not, blesses all abiding
 Strong in the faith that was in Christ the Lord.

Let days roll on, for, though the shades may gather,
 Night brings us only one day nearer home ;
 Rest then in peace, till from a gracious Father
 One last and loving message bids us come.

A. N. Blatchford.

AS darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the lost,
We pray thee, God of love.

We pray thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea ;
Are not the depths of parents' love
O Father, known to thee ?

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anon.

437

8s,

O FATHER, bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 Father of spirits, be our light.

The day is done ; its hours have run ;
 And thou hast taken count of all,—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 Father of spirits, be our light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty,
 And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 Father of spirits, be our light.

For all we love—the poor, the sad,
 The sinful—unto thee we call ;
 O let thy mercy make us glad,
 Thou art our God, thou art our All !
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 Father of spirits, be our light.

*F. W. Faber.**

L ORD of the silent winter,—
Beneath whose skies of grey
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
But wait a brighter day ;
If human hearts are weary,
By mists of sorrow chilled,
Give patience to the weary,
Till they with peace be filled!

Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year ;
Breathe on our hearts in blessing,
Away our sadness roll,
And send, all pain redressing,
A springtime to the soul !

Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen
Beneath a cloudless sky ;
Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be !

THE SEASONS

Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When vineyards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door ;
Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessèd mission,
Upon our souls in youth !

Lord of the changing seasons,
Lord of our passing days,
Wake thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise ;
That hearts of wintry sadness
May feel the breath of spring,
And summer's time of gladness
The autumn glories bring !

Dendy Agate.

439

6.6.6.6.8.8.

REJOICE ! The Lord is King :
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

THE SEASONS

His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

He leads the circling year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn ;
O happy mortals ! Raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days ;
O bring the eternal reign
Of Love, and Joy, and Praise ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice !

John Taylor.

THE SEASONS

440

13. 13. 14. 14.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's
toil,
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and
the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her Maker
good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that
love the shade,
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the
drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his
way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent
pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the
sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?
No ! Let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator, honour
thee.

THE SEASONS

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the
shade ;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their
old decree ;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to
thee !

*Reginald Heber.**

441

L.M

'TIS winter now ; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days !

S. Longfellow.

442

7s.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
 Freezing with its icy breath ;
 Dead and bare the tall trees stand ;
 All is chill and drear as death.

Yet it seemeth but a day
 Since the summer flowers were here,
 Since they stacked the balmy hay,
 Since they reaped the golden ear.

Sunny days are past and gone :
 So the years go, speeding fast,—
 Onward ever, each new one
 Swifter speeding than the last.

But the sleeping earth shall wake,
 And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
 And all Nature, rising, break
 Glorious from its wintry tomb.

W. Walsham How.

443

7s.

COLD and cheerless, dark and drear,
 Wintry days and nights appear ;
 But they all in order stand ;
 This is still God's goodly land.

Flowers have faded from the plain,
 But their mother-roots remain ;
 In the chilly earth they lie,
 Waiting for the warmer sky.

SPRING

Leaves and flowers and golden grain,
God will bring all back again ;
They shall come in beauty drest—
This is but their time of rest.

Thee we praise then, Father dear,
E'en for winter, dark and drear ;
All things lie within thy mind,
Ever loving, ever kind.

J. Page Hopps.

444

7s.

KINDLY spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear ;
Hark, the birds, with artless lays,
Sing their great Creator's praise !

Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow ;
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

Lord, vouchsafe a spring to me ;
Let me be like that I see ;
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

Give to me the breath of life,
Joy for mourning, peace for strife ;
So thy presence shall restore
Life to what seemed dead before.

*J. Newton.**

THE springtide hour brings leaf and flower
 With songs of life and love ;
 And many a lay wears out the day,
 In many a leafy grove :
 Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring ;
 And shall my heart not bear its part
 Amid the songs of spring ?

Dews fall apace,—the dews of grace
 Upon this soul of sin ;
 And love divine delights to shine
 Upon the waste within :
 Yet, year by year, fruits, flowers appear,
 And birds their praises sing ;
 But oft my heart bears not its part,
 Its winter has no spring.

Lord, let thy love, fresh from above,
 Soft as the south winds blow ;
 Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
 And bid its spices flow !
 And when thy voice makes earth rejoice,
 And hills to laugh and sing,
 Lord, make this heart to bear its part,
 And join the praise of spring !

*J. S. B. Monsell.**

COME, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing ;
Lift up your hearts and voices
With new-awakened spring.
Sing, youths and gentle maidens,
Your hymn of praise to-day,
With old men and with children,
In sweet according lay.

The time of resurrection !
Earth sings it all abroad,—
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God !
The sign of life eternal
Is writ on earth and sky,
The hope for ever vernal,
Of life the victory.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
The seas their bright waves swell ;
Let the round world keep triumph
With all that therein dwell !
Now let the seen and unseen
In one glad anthem blend,
Let all our hearts be risen
To life that hath no end !

J. J. Daniell.

THERE'S life abroad ;—from each green tree
 A busy murmur swells ;
 The bee is up at early dawn
 Stirring the cowslip-bells.
 There's motion in the lightest leaf
 That trembles on the stream ;
 The insect scarce an instant rests,
 Light dancing in the beam.

There's life abroad ;—the silvery threads
 That float about in air,
 Where'er their wanton flight they take,
 Proclaim that life is there.
 And bubbles on the quiet lake,
 And yonder music sweet,
 And stirrings in the rustling leaves,
 The self-same tale repeat.

All speak of life ; and louder still
 The spirit speaks within,
 O'erpowering, with its strong, deep voice,
 The world's incessant din.
 There's life without ; and, better far,
 Within there's life and power,
 And liberty of heart and mind
 To love, believe, adore.

Emily Taylor.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad, and deep, and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the mist uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

HARVEST

We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light ;
Life is dark without thee ;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of Light ! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. Walsham How.

449

8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

L ORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned :
Our thanks we pay
This holy day ;
O let our hearts in tune be found !

If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or summer yields its ripened grain ;
Still do we sing
To thee, our King ;
Through all the changes thou dost reign.

HARVEST

But chiefly when thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;
 We too will raise
 Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest, all is thine,—
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound !
 New every year
 Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound !

J. H. Gurney.

450

8.7.D.

TO thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
 In hymns of adoration,
To thee bring sacrifice and praise
 With shouts of exultation !
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
 The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
 That even they are singing.

HARVEST

And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of thy blessing ;
By thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou, who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary ;
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary ;
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Thy golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever ;
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river !
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending ;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
Which never hath an ending !

W. C. Dix

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home ;
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied :
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !

All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Pure and holy grain may be.

Lord of harvest, quickly come
 To thy final Harvest-home ;
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin :
 There, for ever, purified,
 In thy presence to abide :
 Come, with all thy reapers, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

*Henry Alford.**

WE plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand :
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all his love !

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey him,
 By him the birds are fed ;—
 Much more to us, his children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all his love !

HARVEST

We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above ;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love !

M. Claudius.

453

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

THE God of harvest praise ;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice !
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth :
To glory in your lot
Is comely ; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

HARVEST

The God of harvest praise :
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
 With sweet accord :
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest-song
 Bless ye the Lord !

J. Montgomery.

454

9.8.

NOW sing we a song for the harvest,
 Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
 Hath given to gladden our days ;

For grasses of upland and lowland,
 For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
 To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
 For that which the hands cannot hold ;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
 And only our hearts can enfold :

We reap it on mountain and moorland,
 We glean it from meadow and lea,
We garner it in from the cloudland,
 We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

HARVEST

But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests that eye cannot see ;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

And they have been gathered and garnered,—
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some, as with heart's blood, are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

O thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

J. W. Chadwick and W. C. Gannett.

455

L.M.

THE last full wain has come—has come ;
And brought the golden harvest home ;
The labours of the year are done ;
Accept our thanks, all-bounteous One !

For the green spring, her herbs and flowers,
For the warm summer's blooming bowers,
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet autumn decks her brows ;—

For the rich sea of shining grain
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain ;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman ;—

AUTUMN

For the soft herbage of the soil,
For ruddy health, the child of toil ;
For all the increase of the earth,
For homes and hearts it fills with mirth :—

For these, O God of earth and skies,
Our grateful thanks to thee shall rise :
No longer now the storms we fear ;—
Thy goodness, Lord, has crowned the year !

*J. Brettell.**

456

7.6.D.

THE year is swiftly waning,
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding,
The end is nearing fast.
The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

O pour thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with thee !
Behold the bending orchards
With beauteous fruit are crowned :
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound !

NEW YEAR

O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we thy name may hallow,
And see at last thy face !

W. Walsham How.

457

7s.

BACKWARD looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill ;
Memories, all bright and fair,
Seem to float, on spirit wings,
Downward through the silent air.

Hark ! Through all their music sweet,
Hear you not a voice of cheer ?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
'Happy be the coming year.'

Father, comes that voice from thee,
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—
Good in all thy future stored,
Fairer than in all the past.

J. W. Chadwick.

PRAISE to God and thanksgiving !
 Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing !
 Praises to the glorious One,
 All his year of wonder done !

Praise him for his budding green,
 April's resurrection-scene ;
 Praise him for his shining hours,
 Starring all the land with flowers.

Praise him for his summer rain,
 Feeding, day and night, the grain ;
 Praise him for his tiny seed,
 Holding all his world shall need.

Praise him for his garden root,
 Meadow grass and orchard fruit ;
 Praise for hills and valleys broad,
 Each the table of the Lord.

Praise him now for snowy rest,
 Falling soft on nature's breast ;
 Praise for happy dreams of birth,
 Brooding in the quiet earth.

For his year of wonder done,
 Praise to the All-Glorious One !
 Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing,
 Alleluia to our King !

W. C. Gannett.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
Ring, happy bells across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old ;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

NEW YEAR

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land ;
Ring in the Christ that is to be !

Alfred Tennyson.

460

L.M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows,
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper Gōd, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge.

461

7s.

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year,
 To the souls assembled here ;
 Clothe thy word with power divine ;
 Make us willing to be thine.

Where thou hast the work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run ;
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young ;
 Call forth praise from every tongue ;
 Let our whole assembly prove
 All thy power and all thy love.

J. Newton.

462

C.M.

BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes break ;
 Melodious voices move !
 On, rolling Time ! Thou canst not make
 The Father cease to love.

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er,
 But, Lord, thy smile still beams ;
 Our sins are swelling evermore,
 But pardoning grace still streams.

Lord, from this year more service win,
 More glory, more delight ;
 O make its hours less sad with sin,
 Its days with thee more bright.

NEW YEAR

Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come ;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If thou shouldst take us home.

Oh, golden then the hours must be,
The year must needs be sweet ;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill.

463

7S.D.

SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
Mighty to revive and cheer !
Bless our yet untrodden way ;
Lead us through the entered year.
Where the shades of death we see,
Let thy living brightness be ;
Let it speed our lingering feet ;
Let it shine on all we meet.

Forward, though our path be hid,
Though we pass the lurking foe,
Though the sound of war forbid,
Girt with gladness, let us go ;
Bold in thy protecting care,
Strong to prove thee faithful there,
Through the desert or the sea,
On, to find our home in thee.

NEW YEAR

Open thou beneath our tread
Sprints the distance could not show ;
From the holy fountain-head
Let them rise where'er we go ;
Rather give us eyes to see,—
Love, awake to love in thee ;—
Hearts that, trusting to thy care,
Find its traces everywhere.

In the shadow of thy hand
We can brave the uprooting gale,
And a little child may stand
Where the soldier's heart would fail ;
When the stormy wind is heard,
Quick to every tender word ;
And for all our journey's length,
Armed with meekness more than strength.

Oft a desolating blast
Bears the seed of comfort too,
And the patient soul at last
Finds a garden where it blew ;
So, where nothing cheers our sight,
Germs of love may spring to light,
Bright mid earth's oppressive shades,
Fresh beside the leaf that fades.

Anna L. Waring.

A NOTHER year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work
That better is than play,
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth
And childhood's blessed ways ;
Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at beauty's feast,
At every moment spread ;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod ;
Another year of life's delight ;
Another year of God !

J. W. Chadwick.

FATHER, let me dedicate
 All this year to thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have me be :
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
 Freedom dare I claim ;
 This alone shall be my prayer,
 'Glorify thy name.'

Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live ?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give ?
 More thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim,
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 Glorify thy Name.

If in mercy thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine ;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine ;
 Let my glad heart, while it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim,
 And whate'er the future brings,
 Glorify thy Name.

NEW YEAR

If thou callest to the cross,
And its shadows come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify thy name.'

L. Tuttielt.

466

C.M.

O TIME, ne'er resteth thy swift wing,
Thy minutes make no stay ;
Yet what vast treasure do they bring,
What treasure bear away !

O richly laden hours, ye fly,
Yet ye lay down your load ;
O minutes, freighted awfully,
Your freight is all bestowed.

Ye bring the world's consuming care,
Ye bring the tempter's wile,
Ye bring the glorious strife of prayer,
Ye bring the Father's smile.

Yes, Lord, our days may be divine,
Our hours may golden be ;
The brightness of their light may shine
Through all eternity.

CHRISTMAS

We mourn not, hours, the wings ye take,
If your blest dower be given ;
Fly on, bright minutes, if ye make
Our souls more meet for heaven !

Yes, parted years, still sweetly breathe,
Still blessedly appear ;
And glory and delight bequeath
To the eternal year !

T. H. Gill.

467 X

C.M.D.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth
To touch their harps of gold :—
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world,
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

CHRISTMAS

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong,
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring ;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing !

E. H. Sears.

LONG, long ago, in manger low
 Was cradled from above
 A little Child, in whom God smiled,
 A Christmas gift of love.

When hearts were bitter and unjust,
 And cruel hands were strong,
 The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
 And peace began her song.

Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
 Seem only frost and snow,
 And anxious stress, and loneliness,
 And poverty and woe,—

Straightway provide a welcome wide,
 Nor wonder why they came ;
 They stand outside our hearts, and bide,
 Knocking in Jesus' name.

For trouble, cold, and dreary care,
 Are angels in disguise ;
 And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,
 As peace and love they rise.

They are the manger, rude and low,
 In which a Christ-child lies ;
 O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
 Is always God's surprise !

Jane Andrews & W. C. Gannett.

NOW the joyful Christmas morning,
 Breaking o'er the world below,
 Tells again the wondrous story
 Of the Christ-child long ago.
 Hark! We hear again the chorus,
 Echoing through the starry sky,
 And we join the heavenly anthem,
 'Glory be to God on high!'

Out of every clime and people,
 Under every holy name,
 Is the everlasting gospel
 Good and glad for aye the same.
 So we, in our happy Christmas,
 Breathe the universal creed,
 Clasp hands with distant ages
 In a brotherhood indeed.

Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices!
 Shout, O new world, free and strong!
 Hail of light the deathless triumph,
 Join the old world's birthday song,—
 'Glory be to God the Highest;
 Peace on earth, goodwill to men!'
 'Twas the morning stars proclaimed it;
 Let the world respond again.

M. N. Meigs.

CHRISTIANS, awake ! Triumphant voices raise
 To greet the dawning of the best of days ;
 Rise to adore the mystery of love
 That links the lowly earth to heaven above ;
 Hark ! 'Tis the sweetest song since earth began—
 'Goodwill from God, goodwill from man to man !'

Lo, from the East the ray of coming morn ;
 Lo, in a cradle lies a babe new-born ;
 Bright grows the sky, the shadows flee away,
 Till thro' the clouds shines out the perfect day ;
 Thus shall the voice, now feeble, louder ring,
 Till Christ, the new-born babe, of kings is King.

What though the shouts of sin and self be heard
 By men awhile, above his gentle word,—
 What though his path of suffering and of loss
 Leads from the cradle to the martyr's cross, —
 Yet by his hand shall war's last flag be furled,
 And Christ, the Prince of Peace, rule all the world.

O golden light that meets our wondering eyes !
 Raise, Christians, raise your anthems to the skies !
 Triumphant voices aid triumphant heart,
 Let weary souls in heavenly rest have part !
 O sweetest song since time on earth began,
 'For ever peace on earth, goodwill to man !'

Adapted : W. G. Tarrant.

471

C.M.D.

A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
 And near a thousand more,
 Since happier light from heaven shone
 Than ever shone before ;
 And in the hearts of old and young
 A joy most joyful stirred,
 That sent such news from tongue to tongue
 As ears had never heard.

And we are glad, and we will sing,
 As in the days of yore :
 Come all, and hearts made ready bring
 To welcome back once more
 The day, when first on wintry earth
 A summer change began,
 And dawning in a lowly birth
 Uprose the light of man !

For trouble, such as man must bear
 From childhood to fourscore,
 Christ shared with us that we might share
 His joy for evermore ;
 And twice ten thousand years of strife
 Shall not make nought his pain,
 Nor mar the harvest of rich life
 His patient love shall gain.

T. T. Lynch.

THANK we now the Lord of Heaven,
 For the Day-spring he hath given ;
 For the light of truth and grace
 Shining from the Master's face.

Sunk in deepest night of wrong,
 Weary earth had waited long ;
 Mortals, heedless where they trod,
 Wandered wide from home and God.

Unto us a Child was born,
 Herald of a brighter morn ;
 Unto us a Son was given,
 Leading weary souls to Heaven.

Years have come, and years have gone,
 Still that Light is shining on ;
 Still that Holy Child is born
 Every blessed Christmas morn.

Still his words of truth and grace
 In a holier world we trace ;
 When our hearts to love are stirred,
 Still the angels' song is heard.

'Glory be to God on high !'
 Sing, ye angels, from the sky ;
 Mortals, raise the glad refrain,
 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men !'

H. W. Hawkes.

SILENT and soft, the first faint gleam of day
 Stole o'er a sleeping world, where shepherds lay
 Watching their flocks in Judah through the night,
 While round them glimmered still the pale starlight :
 How fresh a glory lit the rising morn !
 The hour was come ! The Son of Man was born !

Once more across the hoary fields of time
 Floats, like some distant sound of matin chime,
 That angel hymn of 'Glory to the Lord !
 And peace to men on earth !' in sweet accord :
 And on our pilgrimage, at times so drear,
 We rest awhile that strain again to hear.

O'er land and sea, where Christmas bells may ring,
 Let mortal grief no dark'ning shadow fling ;
 Care take its load from hearts and homes of love,
 And life below grow more like life above.
 Let the whole world of woe, and want, and pain,
 Beneath this day's sweet light revive again.

Grant that with souls renewed our way we take,
 And see thy light of love through trials break.
 Lord, lead us on ! Help us by staff or rod,
 And make our path of toil the road to God.
 Tell us, this day thy mercy waits on all,
 As on that infant child in manger stall.

CHRISTMAS

Welcome the songs, this hour, to heaven that rise !
Welcome the mercy falling from the skies !
Blest be that glorious Prince of Peace who came !
Hallowed his life ! Immortal be his name !
Glory to God for that beloved Son,
Who conquered death, and heaven on earth begun !
A. N. Blatchford.

474

C.M.

TO-DAY be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song :

‘Peace on the earth, goodwill to men !’
Before us goes the star,
That leads us on to holier births
And life diviner far.

Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate ;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait.

And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword ;
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.

CHRISTMAS

O star of human faith and hope,
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won !

F. L. Hosmer.

475

8.8.4.4.8.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas-day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of 'Peace on earth, Goodwill to men !'

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song,
Of 'Peace on earth, Goodwill to men !'

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,—
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of 'Peace on earth, Goodwill to men !'

And in despair I bowed my head ;
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of Peace on earth, Goodwill to men !'

CHRISTMAS

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With Peace on earth, Goodwill to men !'
H. W. Longfellow.

476

8.7.

HARK, what anthem fills the heavens,
Rising to the midnight sky ?
Shepherds, leave your flocks and listen,
Lift your wondering eyes on high,
See God's seraph in his radiance
With the angels sweeping by !

Clearer rings the proclamation—
'Fear ye not ; behold, I bring
Wondrous tidings of great gladness,
Which throughout the world shall ring :
Peace on earth, love's reign foretelling,
Glory to our heavenly King !'

Though the earth lie still in twilight,
Though dark clouds the morning mar,
From the East a light is breaking,
Shining through the mist afar,
Guiding all our faltering footsteps
Unto Christ, our promised Star.

EASTER

Christians, bring not costly incense,
Nor your gold of priceless worth ;
Come with Christ-like hearts and lowly,
Come rejoicing at his birth ;
Take your cross, and follow steadfast
In the path he trod on earth.

Come to him, ye heavy laden ;
Ye with bitter doubtings torn,
Loved and lonely, friend and friendless,
Come to him ; his love shall dawn
As a ray from God's own brightness
In your hearts this Christmas morn.

Isabel M. Read.

477

8.7.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy !

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

EASTER

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir J. Bowring.

478 X

8.8.7.

'IT is finished !' Man of sorrows,
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer, draw us to thee,
Sufferer victorious.

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be ;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints and sages,
May it guide us still to thee ;—

EASTER

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
 Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honoured be thy cross for ever,
Star that points our high endeavour
 Whither thou hast gone before.
F. H. Hedge.

479

7S-

LO, the day of days is here !
Earth puts on her robe of cheer ;
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality !
Fields are smiling in the sun,
Loosened streamlets seaward run,
Tender blade and leaf appear,
'Tis the springtide of the year ;
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality !

Lo, the day of days is here !
Hearts, awake, and sing with cheer !
He who robes the earth anew
Careth for his children too.
They who look to him in faith
Triumph over fear and death ;

EASTER

Speaks the angel by the door,
'They are risen evermore.'
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!

Lo, the day of days is here!
Music thrills the atmosphere.
Join, ye people all, and sing,
Love, and praise, and thanksgiving!
Rocky steep or flowery mead,
One the Shepherd that doth lead;
One the hope within us born:
One the joy of Easter morn:
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!

F. L. Hosmer.

480

8.8.8.4.

PAST are the cross, the scourge, the thorn,
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And brightly breaks the Easter morn.

Alleluia!

Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.

Alleluia!

EASTER

And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near ;
Soon shall the heavenly day appear.

Alleluia !

And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the glooms our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies.

Alleluia !

Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign.

Alleluia !

A. C. Jewitt.

481

C.M.

JESUS has lived, and we would bring
The world's glad thanks to-day,
And at his feet, while anthems ring,
A grateful offering lay.

Jesus has died ; but his pure life,
So perfect and sublime,
Remains to conquer sin and strife,
In every age and clime.

Jesus yet lives,—above, below,
Triumphant over death ;
And in his name we face each foe,
And win the fight of faith.

EASTER

Jesus yet lives ; and oh, may we,
While in this valley dim,
So feel our glorious destiny
That we may live like him !

W. R. Alger.

482 X

C.M.

WALK in the light ! So shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light ! And thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light ! And thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away ;
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light ! And e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom
For Christ has conquered there.

Walk in the light ! And thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light.

Bernard Barton.

EASTER flowers, Easter carols,
 Deck the altar, fill the air ;
 Glorious dawns the happy morning
 O'er a world so bright and fair.
 Alleluia, let us sing,
 Alleluia to our King !

Now the clouds of night are broken,
 Doubt and darkness flee away,
 And on this bright Easter morning
 Sing we now the triumph lay.
 Alleluia, let us sing,
 Alleluia to our King !

Past is all the gloom and sadness,
 Easter joys around us shine,
 Turned is sorrow into gladness,
 Death is changed to life divine.
 Alleluia, let us sing,
 Alleluia to our King !

Purer lives and sweeter music
 Help us, Lord, to bring to thee,
 Till we join the choir immortal
 Who from sin and death are free.
 Alleluia, still to sing,
 Alleluia to our King !

Anon.

THE Light along the ages
 Shines brighter as it goes ;
 From age to age more glorious
 Its radiant splendour grows.
 Man's life, begun so lowly,
 Now soars to heaven above,
 To share, in life eternal,
 The joys of endless love !

We thank thee, O our Father !
 For every gift of thine ;
 All speak alike the bounty
 Of tenderness divine ;
 But, every gift surpassing,
 This wondrous thought we own,—
 The Son of Man is risen
 To dwell before thy throne !

Wherever goodness reigneth
 The soul of Christ lives on,
 And every Christ-like spirit
 Shall rise where he hath gone :
 Earth's dust hath served its mission ;
 Henceforth the soul is free,
 And through the heights of being
 Ascends, O God, to thee !

W. G. Tarrant.

485

7S.D.

HE is gone—a cloud of light
 Has received him from our sight,
 High in heaven, where eye of men
 Follows not, nor angels' ken :
 Through the veils of time and space,
 Passed into the holiest place ;
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—towards their goal
 World and Church must onward roll :
 Far behind we leave the past,
 Forward are our glances cast ;
 Still his words before us range
 Through the ages as they change ;
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
 Shall behold him as before,
 In the heaven of heavens, the same
 As on earth he went and came ;
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us he will prepare :
 In that world unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

A. P. Stanley.

486

S.M.

TO him who children blessed,
 And suffered them to come,—
 To him who took them to his breast
 We bring these children home.
 To thee, O God, whose face
 Their spirits still behold,
 We bring them, praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.
 And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,
 To keep them pure as now !

J. F. Clarke.

487

C.M.

ALL hidden lie the future ways
 Their little feet shall fare ;
 But holy thoughts within us stir
 And rise on lips of prayer.
 To us beneath the noonday heat,
 Dust-stained and travel-worn,
 How beautiful their robes of white,
 The freshness of their morn !
 Within us wakes the childlike heart,
 Back rolls the tide of years ;
 The silent wells of memory start
 And flow in happy tears.

BAPTISM

O little ones, ye cannot know
 The power with which ye plead,
 Nor why, as on through life we go,
 The little child doth lead.

F. L. Hosmer.

488

S.M.

TO thee, O God in heaven,
 This little one we bring :
 Giving to thee what thou hast given,—
 Our dearest offering.
 Into a world of toil
 These little feet will roam,
 Where sin its purity may soil,
 Where care and grief may come.
 O, then, let thy pure love,
 With influence serene,
 Come down, like water, from above,
 To comfort and make clean !

J. F. Clarke.

489

C.M.

✕ O HERE, if ever, God of love,
 Let strife and hatred cease !
 And every heart harmonious move,
 And every thought be peace.
 Not here, where met to think of him,
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.

LORD'S SUPPER

No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

'Thy kingdom come !' We watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor.

490

C.M.

'NO, not for these alone I pray,'
The dying Saviour said ;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head ;

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

No, not for these alone he prayed ;
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His feast of love to share ;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer !

Emily Taylor.

491

79.

FATHER of eternal love,
 Glorify thyself in me ;
 Fix my thoughts on things above ;
 Stay my heart alone on thee.

Humble, holy, all-resigned,
 May I say, ' Thy will be done !'
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path he trod !
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with him to thee, my God.

J. Montgomery.

492

C.M.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
 As earthly hopes remove,
 His new commandment Jesus gives,
 His blessèd word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep !
 O bond of perfect peace !
 Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
 If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours ;
 And swift our feet shall move
 To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
 And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow.

493

7.6.D.

O LOVE divine and golden,
 Mysterious depth and height,
 To thee the world beholden
 Looks up for life and light.
 O Love divine and gentle,
 The blesser and the blest,
 Beneath whose care parental
 The world lies down in rest !

The fields of earth adore thee,
 The forests sing thy praise,
 All living things before thee
 Their holiest anthems raise ;
 Thou art the joy of gladness,
 The life of life thou art ;
 The dew of gentle sadness
 That droppeth on the heart.

O Love divine and tender,
 That through our homes doth move,
 Veiled in the softened splendour
 Of holy household love,—
 A throne without thy blessing
 Were labour without rest,
 And cottages possessing
 Thy blessedness are blest !

MARRIAGE

God bless these hands united ;
God bless these hearts made one ;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on :
Here, in earth's home, preparing
For the bright home above,
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where 'God is love.'

J. S. B. Monsell.

494

II. 10.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought trans-
cending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

O Perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity, and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,
With child-like trust that fears not pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow,
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Gurney.

495

8.6.8.4.

ETERNAL Love, whose law doth sway
 The worlds in ordered course,
 And works in human hearts its way
 With sacred force !

To thee our waiting hearts we lift
 This solemn, joyful hour,
 And ask thy spirit's perfect gift
 For marriage dower.

Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
 That bind two souls in one ;
 Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
 Thy heaven begun.

O hallow with thy presence now
 This sacrament of love,
 Breathe in the trembling human vow
 Strength from above.

Then through what scenes the unknown road
 Of outward life may roam,
 A flame that on thine altar glowed
 Shall light the home.

Ella S. Armitage.

496

L.M.

GOD of our fathers, hear our prayer :
 Thy holy throne is everywhere ;
 Thine arm upheld thy saints of old,
 And still is strong to guard thy fold.

CHURCH DEDICATION AND ANNIVERSARY

Our fathers loved to hear thy word,
Ere Freedom's sacred voice was heard ;
And faithful kept, from age to age,
The truth, our noblest heritage.

Not as of old, with silent fear,
We raise our home and altar here ;
Ours is the brighter, fairer day
Of Reason's light and Freedom's way.

Father, give thou thy blessing here,
Since to thy name this house we rear,
That ages yet unborn may share
The trust committed to our care.

Here let a church, devout and free,
Arise, devoted, Lord, to thee ;—
Our faith divine, our worship pure,
Our work abiding, firm, and sure.

J. Page Hopps.

497

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GONE are those great and good,
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn :
Peace to the reverend dead !
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

CHURCH DEDICATION AND ANNIVERSARY

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The truth that made them free,
Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
Their stainless purity,
Their sacred dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills,—
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O let thy light repose
On our free hills !

J. Pierpont.

498

C.M.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea !
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side !

CHURCH DEDICATION AND ANNIVERSARY

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.

499

C.M.

THOU, whose Spirit witness bears
Within our spirits free,
That we thy children are and heirs
Of thine eternity,—

Here may the simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky ;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie !

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll ;
Our creeds, they rise and fall ;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

CHURCH DEDICATION AND ANNIVERSARY

Here be life's sorrows sanctified ;
Here truth her radiance pour ;
While hope and faith and love abide,
For ever more and more !

F. L. Hosmer.

500

L.M.

WITHIN these walls, O holy Lord,
With grateful hearts once more we meet,
To sing thy praise, to hear thy word,
And humbly seek thy mercy-seat.

To worship thee with conscience clear,
Our fathers raised this house of prayer ;
Our fathers' God still meets us here
When we to these loved courts repair.

In joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Or when in penitence we bend,
O help us, Lord, to feel and know
Thou art our everlasting Friend.

Thy tender mercies, ever sure,
Doth Christ proclaim by thy command ;
And long as time and earth endure,
Shall his great name and gospel stand.

Like him, with all our strength and might,
We would thy gracious will obey ;
And when from earth we're called at length,
O lead us, Lord, the heavenly way.

S. Charlesworth.

WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God ;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Light to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
That filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust ;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
To find the narrow way.

R. W. Emerson.

O GOD, thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now await ;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still ;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do thy will.

O Father, keep his soul alive
To every hope of good,
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood !

O Father, keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong,
And in the ear of sin itself
May his rebuke be strong !

And give him in thy holy work
Patience to wait thy time,
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime.

O grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest ;
Bless thou him, Father, and his flock,—
Bless, and they shall be blest !

S. Longfellow.

503

C. M.

O NOT to one, but all, our God,
 Grant ordination free,—
 To heights of life as yet untrod,
 And nobler ministry ;
 To tenderer words, to manlier deeds,
 To wills set fast in right,
 To heart-beats rhymed to others' needs,
 To sweetness and to light.
 Ordain in all the seeker's mind
 Of eager, trusting youth,
 That hurries forth each morn to find
 New manna-falls of truth.
 Ordain the prophet-heart that takes
 Lone sides with outcast worth ;
 Ordain the helping hand that makes
 A dawn of heaven on earth.

W. C. Gannett.

504

L. M.

L ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of thy tone ;
 As thou hast sought me, let me seek
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.
 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungry ones with heavenly meat.

MINISTERS AND TEACHERS

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,—
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

505

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,—
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere :

MINISTERS AND TEACHERS

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

J. Montgomery.

506

S.M.

A FITLY spoken word,
It hath mysterious powers ;
Its far-off echoes shall be heard
Ringing through future hours.

An honest, truthful word,
It has a tongue of flame ;
On wings of wind it flies abroad,
And wins a heavenly fame.

A wise and holy word,
It falls as doth the dew ;
A sweet refreshment to afford,
And virtue's strength renew.

A gentle, gracious word,
'Tis music in the heart ;
Thrilling its very inmost chord,
Till tears unbidden start.

MINISTERS AND TEACHERS

Speak thou, then, lovingly, .
Out of a Christ-like soul ;
Thy words a blessèd balm shall be,
To make the sin-sick whole.

Speak, for the love of God ;
Speak, for the love of man ;
The words of truth love sends abroad
Shall never be in vain.

G. B. Bubier.

507

6.6.8.4.

WITH the sweet word of Peace,
We bid thy servant go ;
Peace as a river to increase
And ceaseless flow.

With the good word of Prayer,
We earnestly commend,
O God, him to thy watchful care,—
His way attend.

With the dear word of Love,
We give our brief 'Farewell ;'
Thus ours below, but thine above,
With him shall dwell.

With the strong word of Faith,
We stay ourselves on thee,
That the sure promise of thy truth
Faithful shall be.

SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY

And the bright word of Hope
Shall on our parting shine ;
The shade of absent days light up
With rays divine.

Go, then, with Peace and Prayer,
And Love, and Faith, and Hope ;
His guardian angels everywhere
Shall bear thee up.

G. Watson.

508

7.6.8.6.

GOD bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair,
The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

God love the little children,
The angels at the door,
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

God keep the little children
Whom we no more can see ;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

J. Page Hopps.

FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part,—
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom joy of every heart.

But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away :
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.

Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number, marked to fall ;
Be young and old prepared alike,—
The warning is to each, to all.

This sole occasion then is ours ;
This day we ne'er again shall see ;
Lord God, awaken all our powers,
To spend it for eternity.

Our times, our lives, are in thy hand ;
On thee for all things we rely,
Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;
Send children, teachers, in our place,
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son,—from race to race.

J. Montgomery.

ON weary hearts descending
 Be peace and trust to-night ;
 May God's abiding spirit
 Turn darkness into light !
 Though shadows hide the sunbeam,
 And man to slumber fall,
 The stars shine on to tell us
 The Lord keeps watch o'er all.

And happy be the children
 From memories of the day ;
 May thoughts of Heaven's mercy
 Chase every fear away !
 God keep them all in safety
 'Till earth and night be done,
 And tender, tireless angels
 Defend each little one !

To thee, Lord, all are children ;
 The wisest, strongest, best,—
 Alike we need thy presence,
 Thy pity and thy rest.
 The children's prayer we offer
 While sinks the day's fair light,
 And pray, amid the silence,
 God bless us all this night !

A. N. Blatchford.

511

C.M.

YOUNG souls, so strong the race to run
 And win each height sublime !
 Unweary still would ye march on,
 And still exulting climb ?

Walk with the Lord ! Along the road
 Your strength he will renew ;
 Wait on the everlasting God,
 And he will wait on you.

Burn with his love ; your fading fire
 An endless flame will glow ;
 Life from the well of life require,—
 The stream will ever flow.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
 Still in the spirit strong ;
 Each task divine ye still shall hail
 And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
 And heights sublime explore ;
 Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,
 Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,
 Your life below, above—
 Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
 And everlasting love.

T. H. Gill.

LORD, in the fulness of my might
 I would for thee be strong ;
 While runneth o'er each new delight,
 To thee should soar my song.

I would not give the world my heart,
 And then profess thy love ;
 I would not feel my strength depart,
 And then thy service prove.

I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
 On the world's errands go,
 And labour up the heavenly hill
 With weary feet and slow.

Oh, not for thee my weak desires,
 My poorer, baser part ;
 Oh, not for thee my fading fires,
 The ashes of my heart !

O choose me in my golden time ;
 In my best joys have part ;
 For thee the glory of my prime --
 The fulness of my heart !

I cannot, Lord, too early take
 The covenant divine ;
 Oh, ne'er the happy heart may break
 Whose earliest love was thine !

T. H. Gill.

513

L.M.

GO forth to life, O child of earth,
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere ;
Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth.

S. Longfellow.

514

6.5.6.5.6.5.7.5.

LEAD us, heavenly Father,
Lead us, Shepherd kind ;
We are only children,
Weak, and young, and blind.
All the way before us
Thou alone dost know ;
O lead us, heavenly Father,
Singing as we go.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

Lead us, heavenly Father,
In our opening way ;
Lead us in the morning
Of our little day ;
While our hearts are happy,
While our souls are free,
Oh, may we give our childhood
As a song to thee !

Lead us, heavenly Father,
As the way grows long ;
Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song ;
Gladdened by thy mercies,
Chastened by thy rod,
Oh, may we walk through all things
Humbly with our God !

Lead us, heavenly Father,
By thy voices clear,
Through the prophets holy,
Through the Teacher dear,—
He who took the children
In his arms of love,—
Oh, may we all be gathered
In his home above !

Brooke Herford.

WITH happy voices ringing,
Thy children, Lord, appear,
Their joyous praises bringing
In anthems sweet and clear.
For skies of golden splendour,
For azure rolling sea,
For blossoms sweet and tender,
O Lord, we worship thee.

What though no eye beholds thee,
No hand thy hand may feel,—
Thy universe unfolds thee,
Thy starry heavens reveal ;
The earth and all its glory,
Our homes and all we love,
Tell forth the wondrous story
Of One who reigns above.

And shall we not adore thee
With more than joyous song,
And live in truth before thee
All beautiful and strong ?
Lord, bless our souls' endeavour
Thy servants true to be,
And through all life, for ever,
To live our praise to thee.

W. G. Tarrant.

FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way ;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave ;
Make me know that thou canst save ;
Keep me safe by thy dear side ;
Let me in thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong ;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember thee,—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily ;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

May I do the good I know,
Be thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to thee,
Evermore thy child to be.

J. Page Hopps.

517

8.7.8.7.7.7.

HEAVENLY Father, thou art telling
 Flowers to bloom and stars to shine ;
 With my life thou, too, art dwelling,
 If I seek to be divine ;
 Hear the prayer now made to thee—
 What I know not, teach thou me.

In the holy revelation
 Of thy purpose and thy will,
 That thy beautiful creation
 Makes to those who seek it still,
 More, O Father, let me see—
 What I know not, teach thou me.

In the laws and records given
 By the righteous ones of old,
 In the way that leads to heaven
 By the holy gospel told,
 Guide and Guard, O Father, be :
 What I know not, teach thou me.

Grant thy spirit, that in meekness
 I may own how far above
 Childhood's thoughts and childhood's weakness
 Are thy greatness and thy love ;
 And in reverence pray to thee—
 What I know not, teach thou me.

Caroline S. Lunn.

THOU'RT with me, O my Father,
 At early dawn of day ;
 It is thy glory brighteneth
 The upward streaming ray ;
 It calls me by its beauty
 To rise and worship thee ;
 I feel thy glorious presence,
 Thy face I may not see.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
 In changing scenes of life,
 In loneliness of spirit,
 In weariness of strife ;
 My sufferings and my comforts
 Alternate at thy will ;
 I trust thee, O my Father,
 I trust thee, and am still.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
 In evening's darkening gloom ;
 When earth in night is shrouded,
 Thy presence fills my room ;
 The little stars bring tidings
 Of kindness from above ;
 I love thee, O my Father,
 And feel that thou art love.

Jane E. Saxby.

519

11.9.D.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children, as lambs to his fold,—
 I should like to have been with them then.
 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
 That his arm had been thrown around me,
 That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
 'Let the little ones come unto me.'

If Jesus were here, and would smile on my song,
 When to love him and please him I tried,
 With sweetest hosannas I'd join in the throng,
 And would press myself close to his side.
 And if they should chide me, or send me away,
 I would cling to his sheltering knee,
 And would tell them the words he himself once did say,
 'Let the little ones come unto me.'

Now a beautiful place he is gone to prepare
 For all who are cleansed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there,
 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'
 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home ;
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.

*Jemima Luke.**

I READ of 'many mansions'
 Within the house divine ;
 I need not go to find them,
 For one of them is mine ;
 God lives in mine, and loves me ;
 Who else could bring the day ?
 Who spread the sleep upon me ?
 Who give me hands to play ?

And when I say 'Our Father,'
 It seems so far to pray,
 To think of heaven up yonder,—
 I can but turn and say :
 'Dear Father, close beside me,
 I feel thee dimly near,
 In every face that loves me,
 In each kind word I hear.'

He's the touch of mother's fingers,
 So full of love and care ;
 He's the pleasantness of trying—
 The help inside the prayer.
 I do not understand it,
 But so it seems to be,
 There always is that Other,
 Whom I but dimly see.

W. C. Gannett.

521

7.6.D.

THE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth;
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health;
 We, too, would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King:
 We have no wealth or learning,
 What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,
 We'll bring him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways.
 And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
 We have to do each day,
 We'll try our best to please him
 At home, at school, at play;
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King,
 Than richest gifts without them,
 Yet these a child may bring.

Anon.

522

7.6.

LOOKING upward every day,
 Sunshine on our faces ;
 Pressing onward every day
 Toward the heavenly places :

Growing every day in awe,
 For thy name is holy !
 Learning every day to love
 With a love more lowly :

Walking every day more close
 To our Elder Brother ;
 Growing every day more true
 Unto one another :

Leaving every day behind
 Something which might hinder ;
 Running swifter every day ;
 Growing purer, kinder :

Lord, so pray we every day,—
 Hear us in thy pity—
 That we enter in at last
 To the Holy City !

Mary Butler.

523

8.7.

LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
 That our happy lifetime gives,
 The inestimable treasure
 Of a soul that ever lives ;

NATIONAL

Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above ;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free ;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer thee.

Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be early wise :
Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes.

Hearty be our work and willing,
As to thee and not to men ;
For we know our souls' fulfilling
Is in heaven—not till then.

T. W. Jex-Blake.

524

L.M.

PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free !

Praise to our God ! Through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

NATIONAL

Praise to our God! The vine he set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;
On many a shore her seedlings grow ;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God ! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by councils wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God ! Though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide his heritage.

J. Ellerton.

525

C.M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most !

O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Here may religion, pure and mild,
 Upon our sabbaths smile,
 And piety and virtue reign,
 And bless our native isle.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend !

J. R. Wreford.

526

7.6.

NOW pray we for our country ;
 That England long may be
 The holy and the happy,
 The gloriously free !

Who blesseth her is blessèd :
 So peace be in her walls,
 And joy in all her palaces,
 Her cottages and halls !

For her we labour gladly,
 For her we give our best,—
 Our strength, our thought, our treasure,—
 To make her truly blest ;

And she shall be the giver
 Of peace and liberty ;
 And all the world shall bless her,
 This jewel of the sea !

A. C. Cox & F. T. Mott.

O BEAUTIFUL, our country !
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair ;
 Be it thy pride to foster
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to those in bondage
 Fair Freedom's open door !

For thee our fathers suffered,
 For thee they toiled and prayed,
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine,
 The blood of famous nations,
 Commingled, flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country,
 Round thee in love we draw,
 Thine be the grace of Freedom,
 The majesty of Law ;
 Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem,
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be Peace the crowning gem !

*F. L. Hosmer.**

GOD bless our native land,
 May heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard her shore ;
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On war no more !

May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle ;
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind heaven may smile !

And not this land alone,
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore :
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er !

W. E Hickson.

529

C.M.

THE Lord be with us as we bend
 His blessing to receive ;
 His gift of peace on us descend
 Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
 Along our homeward road ;
 In silent thought, or friendly talk,
 Our hearts be near to God.

The Lord be with us till the night
 Enfold our day of rest ;
 Be he of every heart the Light,
 Of every home the Guest.

The Lord be with us through the hours
 Of slumber calm and deep,
 Protect our homes, renew our powers,
 And guard his people's sleep.

J. Ellerton.

530

7s.

AS the sun's enlivening eye
 Shines on every place the same,
 So the Lord is always nigh
 To the souls that love his name.

From his holy mercy-seat
 Nothing can their souls confine ;
 Still in spirit they may meet,
 Still in sweet communion join.

CLOSING HYMNS

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

J. Newton.

531

C.M.

NOT on this day, O God, alone
Would we thy presence seek,
But fain its hallowing power would own
Through all the coming week.

If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To thee, from whom they flow.

Or should they bring us griefs severe,
Still may we lean on thee,
And, though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.

In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek ;
And O do thou direct us right
Through all the coming week !

W. Gaskell.

532

8.7.

PART in peace! Is day before us—
 Praise his name for life and light;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us—
 Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! With deep thanksgiving
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
 Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! Such are the praises
 God, our Maker, loveth best,—
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Sarah F. Adams.

533

C.M.

AND now the wants are told that brought
 Thy children to thy knee;
 Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
 But simply worship thee.

For thou art God, the One, the Same,
 O'er all things high and bright;
 And round us, when we speak thy name,
 There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
 On excellence divine,—
 To know that nought in man can tell
 How fair thy beauties shine!

CLOSING HYMNS

O thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are.

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—a perfect God is he,
And he is fully ours.

W. Bright.

534

8.7.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
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J. Fawcett.

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* Ancient and Modern.

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* Ancient and Modern. † Hymns and Choral Songs—New Series.

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* Ancient and Modern. † Hymns and Choral Songs—Third Series.

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* Ancient and Modern. § Essex Hall Tune Book.

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* Ancient and Modern. § Essex Hall Tune Book.

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* Ancient and Modern.

† Hymns and Choral Songs—New Series.

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* Ancient and Modern.

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* Ancient and Modern.

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* Ancient and Modern. † Hymns and Choral Songs—New Series.

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438	465	468	299	492	324	529	454
439	463	469	296	*493	281	530	457
440	464	470	303	496	499	531	456
441	478	471	302	497	507	532	458
444	469	474	300	498	500	533	455
445	468	*475	297	*500	497	534	462

